murder before christmas

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murder before christmas

by chris_11

Summary

Will didn’t even know why he agreed to this. Maybe he was lonely, maybe because Beverly told him to, maybe because Alana asked him to. Maybe because he was desperate for human interaction and contact because he’s a touch-starved slut and now he finally has time to relax with people who he tolerates.

So why was this supposed, ‘Christmas holiday bliss’ was with him at the back of a police car with a man he never met in his life driving him to a funeral who he doesn’t even know of?

Notes

It is very much past Christmas BUT HEY I've had this in my mind and I'll be damned if I would let 'not Christmas' stop me from posting a Christmas related fic!

See the end of the work for more notes

Prologue

Chapter Summary

> Will didn't even know why he agreed to this. Maybe he was lonely, maybe because Beverly told him to, maybe because Alana asked him to. Maybe because he was desperate for human interaction and contact because he's a touch-starved slut and now he finally has time to relax with people who he tolerates.
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This wasn't what Will had in mind when Jack announced them to have a 'work-free', Christmas holiday together in Lithuania. Which was weird considering this is 'work-free' and yet it's with their colleagues.

Will didn't even know why he agreed to this. Maybe he was lonely, maybe because Beverly told him to, maybe because Alana asked him to. Maybe because he was desperate for human interaction and contact because he's a touch-starved slut and now he finally has time to relax with people who he tolerates.

So why was this supposed, 'Christmas holiday bliss' was with him at the back of a police car with a man he never met in his life driving him to a funeral who he doesn't even know of?

"So much for a holiday," Will muttered bitterly under his breath making Beverly, who was seated next to him snort.

"Will." Jack narrowed his eyes warningly at Will from the rearview mirror.

Will felt like a kid again, pouting as he sunk deeper into his seat.

"I cannot thank you all enough. We have been quite busy with the recent murders around. I do hope I am not interrupting anyone's holiday," the Lithuanian cop, Nojus, said.

"Of course not!" Jack replied with a goodhearted laugh.

It felt like the whole world was against him. The *one* time he agreed to take a vacation, with *people*. He was back to his job. Back to the FBI. Back to all the murders and nightmares.

It seemed like he was part of it now even though if he wants it or not and God, Will hoped it leaves him. The cruel darkness that haunted and taunted his mind. It was getting annoying.

Because he was Will Graham, FBI's bloodhound, the FBI's best agent, which was ironic considering he isn't 'real' FBI. So, once they realized the infamous Will Graham was coming to Lithuania, they of course dumped their most recent case to them.

"*Unbelievable.*" Beverly had exclaimed, annoyed. They just stepped out of the airport for god's sake. She kept saying that this was suppose to be a vacation for them to relax, for Will's mind to relax. She sounded a bit like Alana at the last part.

"Honestly, what kind of holiday is this, Jack?" Beverly whined, throwing her head back in frustration.

Jack was about to say something, probably to warn them to behave before Nojus cuts him off with a lighthearted laugh. "Killers do not take breaks, I suppose."

"Saving lives would be the best Christmas gift," Jack laughed back.

Beverly and Will shared a look of disagreement.

"Will, wake up. Wake up, Will!"

Said man groaned, his eyes squinting at the light that shone his face. "Wow, you actually look good waking up what the hell. Anyways, we're here."

Having said that, Beverly got out of the car, leaving Will there to process everything that happened in those 24 hours.

Closing the car door, Will walked up to Beverly who was observing Brian and Jimmy, nodding to whatever the group of Lithuanian cops were saying. They both had followed another group of cops to the funeral because there wasn't enough space for all of them in Nojus' cop car.

The conversation seemed serious judging by Brian's deep frown and Jimmy's understanding face. The other cops had neutral expressions as they continued to converse in Lithuanian.

"Since when do they talk Lithuanian?"

"I have no idea," Beverly replied, amused.

The conversation stopped when Nojus called the group of cops. "What were they saying?" Beverly asked.

"No idea," Brian deadpanned.

"Jimmy?"

"Not a clue," Jimmy replied, nodding like he did earlier with the group of cops.

Beverly and Will sighed in unison.

Suddenly, Nojus appeared out of thin air, explaining about the case.

“Filip Lecter was found dead in his office by his wife, Roze Lecter,” Nojus handed Will pictures of the late Filip Lecter, “The Lecters are the richest family in Lithuania so stay alert when solving their case, don’t want them to ruin your life. Moving on, Filip Lecter’s cause of death. Poisoned.”

Will flipped through the pictures and it wasn’t as gruesome as other murders, of course with poisoning. It was subtle. A woman could commit a murder like this. It was easy, take some poison and put it inside a drink. No one would think twice before downing it. The name ‘Roze Lecter’ rang through his mind.

It was easy. *Too* easy. It wasn’t Roze Lecter. No case that involves Will in was *this* easy so he would know.

Their top suspect must be the wife.

“Our top suspect is Roze Lecter. She was the last to see him and was the one that had discovered his body.”

“Called it.”

“Pardon?” Nojus asked, looking at Will.

“Nothing.” Will quickly looked away. “So, no maids? No butlers? Chefs?”

Nojus shook his head, “Robertus Lecter is a generous man. He sent them home for Christmas break in the middle of November so it can’t possibly be any of them.”

“Filip Lecter was an author so he spent most his times in his office writing his new novelė and his family were the only ones who sent food to him every day, never left that room. It can’t be the workers because the time doesn’t match up. This poison will last a day, max, before finally travelling through his system and causing death.”

Will nodded and stayed silent.

“And…”

Will raised a brow, “And?”

“One of the Lecter brothers, Fernando Lecter. He said that Filip Lecter would constantly verbally abuse his wife. There is a motyvas, agent!” Nojus exclaimed. It was obvious that what he’s hinting was that Roze had poisoned her husband to stop the mistreatment but something from Nojus’ slight frown and the way his lip tugged downward means that he doesn’t believe it himself. He met Roze Lecter before and knows she wasn’t the killer, didn’t had the personality of one, though they don’t have much choice but to suspect her. Nojus pitied Roze.

“Honestly, what kind of a mulkis would abuse his wife,” Nojus said with distaste. “Agreed,” Will replied with a frown.

“Roze is such a gražuolė and yet Filip has the audacity to abuse her! Gėda!”

Nojus was using a lot more Lithuanian words but Will could guess some of them. ‘Motyvas’ was definitely motive but the other words? He’s just winging it.

“However, Fernando Lecter has kept saying it was definitely Roze.”

Will was about to reply when Jack interrupted them. “Will. Can I have a second?”

Nojus nodded at Jack with a small smile before leaving the two of them. “There’s a killer and it’s one of the Lecters.”

Will nodded in agreement. There was no one else unless a third party had sneaked in their insanely guarded and huge mansion. What maniac would try to kill Lithuanian’s richest?

“I want you to observe them in the funeral, okay?”

“Sure, Jack.” Will just wished this case can be solved as soon as possible and have his promised break. “Don’t expect me to be social though.”

“Wouldn’t even dream of it.”

The Lecters were a whole different breed. You’d think you’d mourn for someone you spent your whole life growing up with and having been staying with them in the same house even after you two have grown up.

They’re the Lecters, Lithuanian’s richest. They aren’t vlogging their life, flexing their riches, trying to be famous. They don’t pretend. They aren’t the Kardashians after all but this just got harder for Will. They could all be serial killers at this point.

Will sighed, massaging his temple. Why can’t his work be easy?

The Lecters didn’t look like they were grieving except for Roze, Lithuania’s beauty, Will daresay one of the most beautiful women he has ever seen, who by the looks of it was still in shock. Scared. She was scared but she didn’t feel bad that he died, she wouldn’t miss him.

She never loved him.

Jules Lecter, Matis Lecter’s wife had looked shaken as well but it wasn’t as bad as Roze’s but she didn’t received comfort from her husband as Roze did with Motina Lecter, the only sister in the Lecter family.

The two looked close, like how best friends will be. Motina wrapped her arm around Roze as Roze cried in her arms. The tears were real but it wasn’t for Filip. If it wasn’t for Filip then for who?

Jules was trembling, playing with her fingers and fidgeting about. The husband should’ve comforted and told her everything was all right but Matis simply shot her a look. It wasn’t a

look of warning like how Jack loves to make or even a frown. He just looked at her and she completely stopped, frozen in place.

Will frowned, it was unusual. She acted like a pet who was trained to be perfect for her master. If her master tells her no, it means no. If her master is out with his friends, she must behave. That means no fidgeting, no humiliating him. That look means that. No matter how blank his face was, no matter how expressionless, she knows. She knows she would be punished if she doesn't obey master.

This family is fucked up.

Matis could be the killer but it seemed like he doesn't have any power in the family except on his wife who he can mistreat however he wants. He's too timid to be a killer, Will concluded. Too scared to get caught. Never brave enough to take risks.

He was so focused on observing who the killer was, Will didn't even realize someone was greeting him until Jack nudged his sides. "Huh?"

Jack nodded at the man in front of them and that's when Will laid eyes upon the most attractive man he has ever seen. From his greyish sandy hair to his soft brown eyes, plump pink lips and a killer jawline.

Fuck me he's hot.

"You must be Will Graham." The man smiled warmly down at Will who was gawking up at him, jaw dropped and eyes looking a little dazed. "Yeah…" Will gulped before clearing his throat, "Um, yeah, the one and only," he replied with a wobbly smile.

"I am truly sorry about this inconvenience that we have put you through. I cannot thank you all enough for taking the time to come here and help us."

Jack smiled brightly saying, "No problem, Mr. Lecter. It is our job and we're honored to be handling your case."

Robert laughed and Will felt his heart skipped a beat. "Even on Christmas?"

"Especially on Christmas."

Beverly who was passing by, scoffed, making Will chuckle but quickly covered it up with a scoffed of his own at Jack's glare. Robertus chuckled, "Not a fan of working on Christmas?"

"Are you?" Will couldn't help but blurted out and immediately regretted it. They could actually ruin his life with that shit ton of money and power.

However, Robertus simply laughed. "Sassy, I like you."

God help me.

Will felt his cheeks burn and smiled awkwardly at the very much older man. His eyes drifted to the man behind the handsome man, probably younger than both Will and Robertus.

What Will noticed was that he was tall. Even taller than Robertus. His frame looked like one of a man's while he has a clear young face with no worry lines or anything.

"Ah, this is Hannibal, my nephew," Robertus introduced the man because he was definitely not a boy.

"Nice to meet you, Mister Lecter," Jack greeted him with a handshake which he gladly accepted with a smile and a nod in agreement or not.

Will didn't bat an eye at him and continued asking important questions related to the case.

"It is true, I have sent all the workers back home. Maids, butlers, the gardener and the security guard. It was only the family and I because I always think that Christmas is where you spend with your loved ones. I would feel horrible if I had kept my workers from their family on Christmas of all times. It must be very exhausting and they deserve to have a break as well."

Will gave Jack a side glance in which he narrowed his eyes at him.

"You are truly right, Mr. Lecter. Every worker should take breaks for *Christmas*," Jimmy chimed, nodding his head in approval.

"It is *Christmas*." Brian shrugged.

"Exactly. Christmas." Beverly frowned; her arms crossed having a glaring competition with Jack.

"*Christmas*." Will deadpanned.

Jack rubbed his temple, sighing heavily, frustrated with his employees.

Robertus, being the kind soul he was, only laughed and apologized once again. "Apologies for causing you trouble on *Christmas*," Robertus said with the same tone that they used when saying 'Christmas'.

"No, no. This is our job. We are glad to help you and don't mind to even though it's *Christmas*." Jack forced the word out as if Christmas had killed his pet goldfish or something. He gave them a pointed look that Jimmy pretended to not notice, looking up at the beautiful ceiling. Brian whistled, looking sideways, avoiding any eye contact with their boss. Beverly cleared her throat while Will only looked at the ground.

Jack sighed.

Robertus laughed.

And Hannibal, who has been quiet throughout the whole thing, smiled softly at the man in flannel with rectangular glasses that hid his beautiful blue eyes.

The funeral ceremony ended and Will could not wait to go to the hotel room. Just thinking about the comfortable hotel bed that he had never even seen made him tired and yawned.

“Tired?”

Will jumped at the voice and turned around, noticing that it was the man that had followed Robertus. Robertus’ nephew.

“Can I help you?”

“Truly. I have been waiting to ask how you had captured Garett Jacob Hobbs exactly.”

Oh god, not this again.

“Though I am also quite curious about the ‘Angel maker’ case as well as with the one with the mushrooms. Can you truly make a garden such as his? I have been dreaming of making one. I am also quite unsatisfied with the Angel maker’s death. How did he exactly hang himself up and skinning his back?”

Will took off his glasses, rubbing his face and sighed. He was too tired for this and thought of just ignoring the young man.

Hannibal’s breath was blown away when he saw Will’s eyes that was exposed without his glasses. It was just as beautiful.

“Do you mind if I ask how your mind works when you go inside of a killer’s mind? Is it true that you can empathize with killers as well?”

Will continued ignoring him, walking to find Jack to ask him when the hell were they going to the hotel and finally rest? The fucking jetlag is killing him.

The young Lecter did not seem phased and Will was starting to think that he couldn’t take a hint as he trailed behind Will and asking him more questions like an eager and curious little puppy. Will was sure with those long legs that he can stride past him but was content to be Will’s shadow behind him.

Hannibal was in awe. This is *the* Will Graham that he had heard and seen on Tattlecrime. He was much more beautiful that the pictures have given him credit for. Fanboying inside and forgetting all thoughts, he stupidly declared that he had known him from Tattlecrime, which, if it were Hannibal himself, he wouldn’t like it if someone mentioned Tattlecrime as well.

Freddie Lounds had done illegal stuff to be taking those crime scene pictures and to stalk Will Graham and giving the public information about him. But she was the one that had introduced Hannibal to the angel.

Hannibal was always curious about kills and having searched of a crime website, he stumbled upon Tattlecrime and was immediately captivated by the headlines. ‘It takes one, to know one’ and then having seen Will’s picture, Hannibal constantly stalked the website.

Sighing tiredly, Will stopped in his tracks. Of course, he's a Tattlecrime reader. People his age probably thought serial killers and killing are cool. Something fun and exciting and worshipping killers like Jeffrey Dahmer or Ted Bundy, not even caring for the real-life victim or their families and friends.

Will's patience almost snapped but thank God Brian yelled out that it was time to go.

"Thank fucking god," Will muttered under his breath.

Apparently, the young count has major hearing skills as he says, "Oh? Are you perhaps religious? Did you know a church collapse recently in Sicily? The facade fell on 65 grandmothers during a special mass."

Will only walked away and went out to see a big white van there. It looked like one where parents tell their kids to avoid. How ironic. The FBI travelling in a vehicle which looked like one of a kidnapper. At least it was big enough for all of them

As he was walking towards the van, he heard Hannibal asking for his number. He probably should've turned around and politely saying it wasn't appropriate or to tell him to fuck off privately but he pretended to not have heard him even though Jack, who was in the passenger's seat in the van had heard and went inside, closing the van door, embarrassing the young count.

When he was in the van, the Science trio teased him about having managed to capture the young Lecter's eye.

"Bro, his family is like, hella rich. He'll probably have all their money when they die since they don't have any children. What are you waiting for? Go fuck him already," Brian cried out. Jimmy raised a brow, "Would you fuck him if he was interested in you instead of Will?"

"Well, duh?"

Silence.

Jimmy shifted away from Brian, looking outside the window and stayed uncharacteristically quiet.

"Oh, you fucked up," Beverly said under her breath making Brian nudged her and looking very uncomfortable and regretful.

Will snorted, serves him right that his little boyfriend is mad at him.

After a minute of awkward silence. Jack broke it by clearing his throat asking Will's thoughts about the family.

"Yes, yes. Talk something. Very awkward," the driver suddenly said.

"Right…" Jack then turned back and gestured Will to answer.

“I need more time. The Lecter family is like a complicated puzzle. I only know one thing’s for sure that it isn’t Roze Lecter.”

Jack turned back and nodded slowly.

“Looks can be deceiving.”

One

Chapter Summary

> “To put it bluntly, I only want you, Will.”
>
> Will winced at the familiar tone Hannibal had used to say his name. “I could care less about the ‘murder business’,” Hannibal mused.

Chapter Notes

> For the record, these characters aren't all in character. Hannibal is an embarrassing cringy young man trying to impress his crush and Will, well, I tried and did my best into making Will as Will as possible.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A week in Lithuania and Will was sure of one thing. He loved Lithuania.

Starting from the chilling winter that kissed his skin and ruffled his hair, the skillful artistry of each building and tower with unique detail, the Nemunas river where he had went fishing on their 3rd day there. The water was sparkling, fishes swum cheerfully in the river. Will could hear the water splashed and rippled; the smell of fish and musk filled his nostrils but it wasn’t horrid. It felt like home. Back in Louisiana with his father, fishing at the riverbank near their home. They would always come back with a bucket filled with fresh fishes they had caught.

He even attempted small talk with an old man there who reminded him of his father but was immensely polite which his father never was though he was kind and loving.

Lithuania was a dream. What more could he want?

Currently, he was out with Beverly, Jimmy and Brian to explore the shops and to find somewhere to eat. Jimmy and Beverly had bought countless of things. Beverly kept buying clothes and jewelry. Jimmy bought china, old vintage things, books and keychains. When asked about it he narrowed his eyes at them and told them to, “Mind your own business.”

Mind their own business they did as they didn’t ask why Jimmy had bought old stamps and dolls. Brian only bought a watch that was expensive as fuck. Will didn’t buy anything but he

did buy tons of food.

Every food stall they went, Will would try a sample and immediately buy it and eat as they walked to another shop that had captured Beverly or Jimmy's attention.

"Have you heard about Il Monstro?" Brian asked with a mouth full of his lunch.

After a long day of shopping and when Will meant long, he meant *long*. They started the day at 9am and it was now 2pm. The mall was huge. They haven't even finished exploring the whole place. They were exhausted, tired, hungry and happy with the things they learnt and bought. Jimmy kept cooing over his new doll that, by Beverly's words, was creepy as fuck.

Will agreed and his mind teleported to the time he watched this Japanese, or was it Korean movie? Where the killer made girls into porcelain dolls. Great. Even at a time like this he's thinking of killing and murder. He really needed to get that checked out.

"Who?" Beverly asked, not bothering to look up from her phone.

"No phones at the dining table, Beverly Katz," Jimmy said with a high pitch voice with the most mom-like tone Will had ever heard. He didn't actually *know* what the most 'mom-like' tone would sound like considering he doesn't have a mom but he swore he heard it from movies or something.

Beverly huffed out a sigh and grumpily off her phone, placing it in her bag. "Happy?"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Anyways, Il Monstro is the most recent serial killer in Lithuania. That's why they dumped their work on us," Brian explained after swallowing his food.

"Still doesn't explain why they have to dump their trash on us," Beverly groaned, taking an angry bite off her spoon.

Jimmy and Brian shrugged in unison and Will couldn't help but think if everyone was so in sync with their soulmates.

Will was never a hopeless romantic. All his previous lovers would agree that Will would never make drastic love gestures or anything like that.

Will wasn't even sure if he believed the term 'soulmates' but something about Jimmy and Brian seems to fit the criteria. It makes sense, doesn't it?

He admits that he does feel lonely. Will grimaced at the thought of his last romantic escapade with Alana Bloom. A psychiatrist of all people. It could've been a surgeon, a lawyer, another fellow agent but no. It was a damn psychiatrist and of course, it didn't work out with her wanting to poke into his mind.

They remained friends and were closer than ever. At least everything didn't go downhill from there. Will couldn't even blame sweet Alana Bloom, poor sweet Alana Bloom who so happens to fall for him but cannot turn off her psychiatrist nature.

She chose psychiatry over him and Will couldn't blame her for that. It'll pass, he told himself and after a few months, it did. Now look at them, they were technically best friends, that's an overstatement but they were close.

"Apparently, Il Monstro would turn his victims into 'art'," Brian said, making air quotes at 'art', "So far, he only killed one person, or so we know. Turned the guy into 'The Wound Man' or whatever it's called," Brian shrugged, "He definitely killed others before him though. He'd been practicing but he never killed like this before. Displaying his victim and turning them."

"Right in front of my salad?" Will furrowed his brows.

Jimmy shook his head at Brian, his face displaying clear disappointment.

"What? It's what we do for a living!"

"I can't believe you, Zeller." Beverly sighed, pushing her half-empty plate away from her.

"I am so confused," Brian said with a frown with another mouth full of food in his mouth.

"You would never get it, Zeller." Will sighed, pushing his plate like Beverly did, slouching in his seat.

Beverly sighed again, copying Will's actions, staring up at the ceiling. Jimmy then sighs, copying both of them.

Brian looked at the three of them, stared at his spoon, placing it down and sighed.

"What are we even doing."

It wasn't a question.

"I don't know."

Will really didn't know.

Hearing Will's reply, Brian sighed again making the other three sigh as well.

"Am I interrupting?"

The voice made Will jump, hitting his knee under the table. The Science Trio snickered at Will but quieted down after Will shot them a glare.

What the fuck was Hannibal fucking Lecter doing here? Wasn't this mall a little too cheap for his taste?

"Are you all right, Will?" Hannibal bent slightly, his face getting all up on Will's. "I'm fine."

Will narrowed his eyes at the man suspiciously, leaning away.

“I see you all have done a little shopping,” Hannibal said with a smile, maroon eyes glancing at Beverly and Jimmy’s shopping bags.

“Sure did,” Jimmy replied, “It’s been exhausting.”

“I do recommend somewhere better. Ozas is a rather big place, there are a lot of shops for you to shop to your heart’s contents.”

Beverly was already on her phone, googling the place.

“I would be flattered if I could join you all in your journey in Ozas. There are even more *exiting* places that I can bring you,” Hannibal said, looking at Will like he was about to eat him. “I guarantee you that you’d have much *fun* with me around.”

What is up with this guy saying things so suggestively?

Hannibal continued eyeing seductively at Will, looking like he was about to pounce anytime soon.

As Will was about to ask him what the fuck he wanted, he was cut off by a feminine voice.

“Hannibal! You said you wanted to come here to shop with me!” A voice was heard, yelling for the count. “Mischa,” Hannibal sighed, looking tired and annoyed by his sister’s interruption. “There you are! I was looking for so many places for you!”

Hannibal sighed again. Just as he was about to speak, Mischa beat him to it. Standing beside Hannibal, Mischa looked at Will up and down. “I can see why you are so attracted to this officer.”

“Mischa!” Hannibal cried out. Will was surprised at the count for raising his voice but he supposed siblings brought out something in each other. He wouldn’t know, he was an only child.

Hannibal looked scandalized as he profusely apologized for his sister’s presumptuous behavior. “What? He is quite the eye-looker,” Mischa cheekily said, winking at Will who was looking at her with flushed cheeks.

“Eye-candy, you mean?” Brian asked. Mischa simply shrugged her shoulders, “Same thing, no?”

“No, Mischa. It isn’t *the same thing*,” Hannibal said through gritted teeth. He looked positively grumpy and Will would be lying if he said he wasn’t enjoying how frustrated the usual calm and collected count looked. It was funny how when Will ignored him for hours, he was still calm and eager to talk to him but when his sister simply flirts with him, he acts like any other person will when their sibling teases them in front of their ‘crush’. It makes him seem human. Mischa makes him human.

“Apologies for my sister’s poor English-”

“Poor!” Mischa yelled out, offended.

“After we had been informed that the FBI would be leading the case, my Uncle Robertus had requested for Mischa to speak more English and for us to speak it with her as well. Considering how utterly atrocious her English is.”

“Hannibal! You little shit!”

Now Hannibal seems to be the one offended. With wide eyes and angry red cheeks due to embarrassment and rage, Hannibal cursed at Mischa in Lithuanian in which Mischa did the same. Occasionally saying English words like, ‘turd’, ‘fucker’, ‘rat’, ‘dick-head’ and more horrible, horrible things. Brian looked a little confused, probably trying to understand what they’re saying while Beverly and Jimmy looked as if they wished that they had brought popcorn to munch on as they’re watching the two siblings fight like they were some sort of WWE show.

“Um.” The two Lecter siblings seemed to quiet down after Will made a sound. Both of them looked at Will with wide curious eyes making the FBI profiler sweat a little under his collar. “Thank you for the compliment, Miss Lecter but I swear I am not much of an ‘eye-looker’,” Will finally said after a pregnant pause with a crooked smile.

Why did he say that? Will cringed internally at himself.

“Please call me Mishca! But you can also call me your žmona,” the girl said with a sultry smile. “Huh?”

“Hm, what is it in English? Épouse?”

Hannibal huffed, looking extremely frustrated and annoyed at his sister’s antics. “She said-”

“Wife.” Will’s cheeks were burning red, as he averted his eyes downwards.

Growing up at Louisiana, Will knew a bit of the basic French and learned it in college. He always wanted to learn another language and thought of French considering he already knew a little bit of the language. Recently, he thought of learning Lithuanian.

“You know French? You just keep getting more handsome,” Mischa sighed dreamily as if Will was her long-lost prince charming who had come to save her.

Will blushed at Mischa’s advances. It wasn’t that he was interested in her, more so that he’s simply flustered at the fact that an adorable girl like her was flirting with him.

It irked Hannibal to no end. Will saw the count’s right eye twitched in annoyance at the corner of his eye. It was cute in a way to see the calm count losing his cool over his sister flirting with him. Jealousy was a good look on the young Lecter.

“Apologies for my sister’s *whorish* behavior, so please excuse us.” Hannibal had fire in his eyes as he glared daggers at his younger sister, dragging her while stomping angrily away.

Will could faintly hear Mischa asking what’s whorish.

When the Lecters were out of sight, the Science Trio burst out laughing, teasing Will having charmed the two youngest Lecter siblings.

“Bro, you got two options now! Take it or leave it!” Brian yelled out. Jimmy raised a brow, “Is that so? Would you take it or leave it then, Zeller?”

Brian suddenly quiet down, gulping a little. “Leave it of course.”

“Of course, you will,” Jimmy replied, lightening up and grinned.

“So, you like dick more or tits now?” Beverly chimed up, looking at Will with teasing eyes. Will rolled his eyes playfully, annoyed at his colleagues teasing but it felt nice, like friends teasing each other.

“They don’t look that affected that their uncle just died though,” Brian said.

“Maybe one of them killed him,” Jimmy joked.

“Maybe both of them killed him,” Beverly snorted.

“They don’t even have a motive to kill him.” Will rolled his eyes. “Plus, they probably weren’t even close. Hell, maybe they hated him for being such a dickhead towards his wife.”

“Defending your future sugar daddy and mommy, huh?” Brian teased.

Will let out a small laugh, shaking his head.

Feeling vibration from his pocket, Will sighed, taking out his phone. It was Jack.

“There’s another body. A funeral will be held the day after tomorrow and you tell them that they better get their asses there, especially you Will. You need to see if there are any more clues or potential suspects.”

Just like that, he hung up.

God damnit, Jack. This was supposed to be a break.

Pocketing his phone, Will sighed. “There’s a body. Time to go to Lecter mansion.”

The Science Trio all groaned and sighed in unison.

During the drive to the crime scene, the Science Trio kept complaining and whining while Will sighed countless of times. It was Jack’s idea for this Christmas holiday. His idea to be having a break but it seems like murder follows them everywhere. It’s as if the grim reaper has chosen to follow them and now all they bring was death with them.

“We’re here.”

Groaning, Will yawned as he woke up from his nap in the car. “What?”

“Another dead body.” Beverly frowned, getting out of the car, Will following with a sigh.

They didn't had time to admire the outside of the Lecter mansion nor the inside since they were rushed upstairs to a room. Matis' room to be exact.

There lay Matis on his bed, the white sheets have turned red beneath him as a knife was seen there in all its glory, straight up, stabbed through the stomach. His eyes were wide and horrified, lips apart as if he was about to shout for help, his skin was ghostly pale as a corpse should have.

Brian whistled lowly, "I'd give this a 2 for gruesome crime scenes."

Jack shot him a glare before clearing his throat and turning to the Lecter family.

They were all there in the room (it was a big ass room), Jules was the only one at the doorway, not in but not completely out. She was full on sobbing, clutching the door as she was shaking and hiccupping, her back facing the room.

The Lecters looked concerned but no one shed a tear except for Jules. They all looked indifferent, exhausted, annoyed even. 'Another dead body? Great.'

This family is so fucking strange. My job just got a hundred times harder.

Will sighed, rubbing his temples. "Who found the body?"

"It was me," Robertus exclaimed. He stood beside Will, his expression looked neutral, expressionless. He did not look affected whatsoever. You'd think the kind man would shed a tear for his brother, but no.

"Care to explain more or?" Jimmy asked as he was taking pictures of the corpse.

"Well, I entered his room, trying to check up on him after a whole day of not hearing from him. He would always go down for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Never once skipped a meal, unhealthy according to him and he takes very good care of his health."

"Why didn't the wife check on him?" Brian said, glancing at Jules by the doorway.

"Jeez, Zeller. Does the wife *need* to call the husband? Is that what she's all for?" Beverly asked, rolling her eyes, her hands rested on her hips. "What?! I was just asking!" Brian cried out.

"Enough you two." Jack frowned at the two of them.

Will looked at the Lecters and knew one thing.

They're hiding a secret.

And for some reason, it's related to Matis and Jules. Something that no one outside from the Lecter family can know. Their reputation would be ruined, their image gone. But what was it? Does it have something to do with the murders? If so, why aren't they telling them?

The Lecters all looked disturbed, uncomfortable even, glancing at each other or the floor or some kind of furniture in the room but them.

Jack and Will shared a passing look and nodded. They were definitely hiding something and were doing no good job of playing pretend.

You'd think they were expert liars by now and maybe they were, maybe they weren't. It was all too confusing.

Then, the adorable face of Mischa poked in the door. Robertus, who was beside of Will stiffened and chased her out.

"Mischa, I have already told you. You are not to be involved in this case."

"But-"

"*Mischa*."

"Fine," Mischa said with a pout, sulking as she walked away.

"Sorry for my niece," Robertus said with a slight smile towards Jack and Will.

"With all due respect, Mr. Lecter but I don't think it's wise of you to ban your niece into getting involve with this case. Everyone is a suspect and I can't let one go. We will never know who's the killer." Jack frowned and Will silently agree, that was true but Mischa could never be the killer. It's wrong. Will knew it wasn't Mischa.

"I am sorry Agent Crawford but my thought remains. Mischa would not involve herself in this case and that is final. I know my Mischa; she would never have done this." Robertus looked cold as he speaks, it sent a shiver down Will's spine. He does *not* want to see this guy mad.

"Jack, he's right. Mischa- I mean-" Will cleared his throat, "Miss Lecter wouldn't have done this."

Glancing at Will, Jack nodded. "Fine. But no one else is getting a free pass anymore."

"I understand," Robertus replied, now smiling warmly at Jack but Will saw a glimpse of that façade. His eyes were as cold as ever.

"Will, I want you to do your thing. Clear up!"

"Pardon?"

"Will needs space to work his magic," Jack replied to Robertus with a smile.

"Ah, I see. How unfortunate that we can't see the magician performing. Very well, now. Let's go."

Robertus took his wife's hand as they walked out. Hannibal and Will locked eyes, the young Lecter winking at him before going out making Will scoffed.

Closing his eyes, Will breathed in before the pendulum swung.

It is late at night, no one would suspect a thing because no one comes up here. Not at Matis' room. Anywhere but here.

I open the door quietly; he is a heavy sleeper.

I have my weapon in hand, my hands covered in gloves so they wouldn't find a trace of evidence.

I stab him.

His eyes are wide and pleading, his mouth apart as he was about to shout but I silence him with a cloth.

I find where it's vital and pushed the knife in deeper.

When he finally lay limp and stopped thrashing, I release him and lay him on his bed, the knife still there.

He is now dead as he should be.

This murder was pointless but justified. He wasn't a good person and I feel no regrets but that wasn't because I wanted him dead. No. His death was just an excuse for something.

This is my design.

Will huffed out a breath of air, clearing his throat, telling Jack that they can come in now.

"Anything?"

"His murder was something. But they didn't want him dead, no. They weren't planning on killing him, they didn't find any sense of anything by killing him. They just wanted to for something but I just don't know what."

Jack furrowed his brows, "What?"

"I don't know!"

"Dude, you can solve a mushroom killer but a simple stab in the gut you can't?" Brian asked, incredulously.

"It's too simple!"

"Maybe next time we should find a harder one for Will," Brian scorned.

"Z." Beverly gave him a look. "What! Am I wrong?"

Jack sighed, “Drop it. Will, take more time, alright?

“Where’s the bathroom?”

Will felt like he was drowning in water before pulling himself up when he heard a knock. “Yeah, I’ll be out.”

Drying his hands and face, Will got out and saw familiar maroon eyes staring down at him.

“Um, back up a bit?”

“Apologies,” Hannibal said, taking a step back but he didn’t look apologetic.

“Look, what do you want?” Will sighed, rubbing his face. Tired after a long day of shopping and murder.

“The last time we encountered in the mall, I didn’t had time to ask for your number. Can I have the pleasure of having it now?” Hannibal asked, taking out his iPad from beneath his jacket.

How the fuck did that fit in there?

Whatever, he’s too tired for this shit. He’s done with this young count who thinks he can have anything and never had a time where he had to live in poverty. He probably had anything and everything he wanted, no one ever saying no, no one ever saying *‘Sorry, Hannibal but we don’t have enough money for this.’* Or *‘Kid, what’s the use of all this?’* when he wants something to play with because all the kids have it and it’ll complete his childhood. No. Hannibal Lecter has, no, had everything he wanted and Will wasn’t going to give him this.

“Listen, I am not interested in your silly little games. Mind you own business, alright? You should try to be like your sister and stay out of this. I get all this murder business is exciting for people your age but it isn’t fun and games.”

Okay, Will might be a little harsh with his words and the line where he mentioned his sister was the salt in the wound but he needed to get his point clear. Will needed to focus on the crime and he couldn’t if he kept getting pestered by the young Lecter.

What Will saw was not what he expected. Hannibal merely smiled, *smiled* like Will had said something amusing. His reaction certainly seemed amused. The way Hannibal was looking at him, *smiling* at him made Will feels that he was being mocked and yet not really mocked. Hannibal was being sincere with his expression and Will couldn’t figure out why. Oh, he does *not* like this. He can read everyone like a book so why can’t he with him?

Will shrunk under Hannibal’s gaze. The young man made him feel threatened and insecure. He couldn’t explain it but Hannibal Lecter was dangerous.

“To put it bluntly, I only want you, Will.”

Will winced at the familiar tone Hannibal had used to say his name. “I could care less about the ‘murder business’,” Hannibal mused.

Oh, Will is mad now. *What the fuck is this guy’s problem?* Will was irked. What did he mean he wanted him? As in want-want him or what? Either way, he is not getting him. He might be a psychiatrist- Will wanted to slap himself- Of course, he’s a psychiatrist!

“Are you a psychiatrist?” Will blurted out before he could stop himself.

Hannibal simply smiled again. Confused and amused, he replied, “No. I’m studying to be a surgeon as of now in France. May I ask what sparked the idea of me being a psychiatrist? And I am not that old to have been a psychiatrist yet, dear Will.”

Will huffed, “Really? You look so old.”

It was petty and a pathetic comeback but frustration and anger blurred his mind. He really couldn’t think of anything else to say.

Hannibal frowned. Oh, that hit the spot, huh?

“As to why I thought you were a psychiatrist or studying psychiatry,” Will looked up at the younger man and shrugged, “People who are interested in me are because of my unstable self and my psychotic serial killer mind. It takes one to know one, am I right?” Hannibal blinked at Will. Clearing his throat, Will continued, “And those people are mostly always psychiatrists. I’m a magnet to them. I’m actually a hot topic in the psychiatry circle.” Will smiled humorlessly.

“They love to dig in my mind.”

“I would not mind digging in your mind,” Hannibal stepped closer to Will making the shorter man looked up at him, “Or in your pants.”

Flustered, Will spurt out gibberish as he pushed past Hannibal and practically ran away from him leaving behind a frowning and pouting Hannibal Lecter.

Will could faintly hear Mischa giggling from her room that was opposite of the bathroom.

“Il Monstro is the top wanted serial killer in Lithuania, right?” Jimmy asked, frowning.

“Yeah, why?” Brian replied.

“Then why is the name in Italian?”

“I don’t…” Brian furrowed his brows, “know…”

The two men looked at the camera like in the office with straight faces.

Chapter End Notes

THANKS FOR READING!!! I HOPE U ALL HAVE A GREAT DAY 🫶🫶🫶

Two

Chapter Summary

> Will's anger dissipated momentarily, raising a brow at the frowning count. It was confusing to Will as the young Lecter would always approach him with a warm smile. This was a first. Hannibal looked like he was about to throw a tantrum when they were face to face.
>
> "What's got your panties in a twist?"
>
> Hannibal snapped, "The reason my panties are in a twisted knot is because an FBI agent- no, a 'not actual FBI agent' is getting flirty with two of my uncles when it is oh so obvious that I am trying to court him." The count sniffed, turning his head away from Will with crossed arms.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"There must be some kind of bad omen to be attending two funerals within a month, right?" Brian sighed while Jimmy adjusted his tie for him. "Thanks, man."

"Anything for a friend," Jimmy said, smiling at Brian who had a blank face after hearing the word 'friend'.

Those oblivious idiots.

Will couldn't help but shook his head. They both act like an old married couple and yet they weren't even dating! Could you believe that? Will didn't even know that until Beverly told him last night. He swore that he saw them kissed once back in the lab and yet they weren't even dating? Not even exes? Unbelievable.

"There is," Beverly paused, "probably." She shrugged.

Jimmy then said something about bad omens that Will couldn't be bothered to listen. Everything sounded muffled. His blue eyes were glued to the ground, hands clasped together, hanging between his legs. Will wasn't interested in having to interact with Hannibal Lecter again after their last encounter. Will came to a conclusion; the Lecter family was strange and not because they were European.

They had a secret, Will just didn't know what. Someone in the family was a suspect but they weren't trying to hide that they weren't the killer. Honestly, they all seemed like they *could be* the killer. It was ridiculous really. There wasn't any pretending or acting or shedding

crocodile tears. To mourn over a loss for the public to make them appear vulnerable and innocent. No. They don't pretend that they care and that was what made it hard.

It isn't because they're all *too* innocent, they're just all, well, too suspicious. It was frustrating for Will who knows everything. This case was so damn simple and yet he couldn't even crack it!

He's losing his magic damn it.

Will sighed, rubbing his face.

"Will!"

"Huh?" Will looked up, adjusting his glasses that was parched on top of his nose bridge.

"I want you to keep a lookout and interact with the Lecter family for more details."

Will frowned, "But Jack-"

"Two murders aren't a coincidence. Someone in the Lecter family is the killer and I need you to find out which one is it with that mind of yours." Jack gave him a pointed look that left Will no room to argue.

"And you said I wouldn't need to be social," Will muttered bitterly.

"Well plans change, I'm just confused."

"Confused?" Beverly asked, arms crossed and head tilted to the side.

"The killer's first approach was subtle, poison. Now, it's so gory. It just feels like it's two different kills."

"Maybe they're just choosing another way to kill?" Brian shrugged.

"Could be that they tried to do it subtly first but then thought, 'screw it' and started stabby stabby?" Jimmy said, doing stabbing motions with his hand.

"What do you think, Will?" Jack asked. All eyes were on him now.

Will had the idea that there were two killers after they got back from the crime scene. There were two killers for completely different goals. One wanted him dead, wanted him gone and would feel content with his death. They wanted him dead and planned it long ago. The other was because they wanted to, they wouldn't feel great about killing Matis because he was a nobody to the killer, they thought Matis was a pig, yes. But he was just a pawn for another greater thing, the killer probably did plan on killing Matis before but decided to put in action now while the first killer had always and only focused on killing Filip alone whereas it feels like the second killer had killed before.

Will took off his glasses and rubbed his face. God, this was all so confusing.

“I think, um, it’s a drastic change. Considering they started of with poison to be subtle and now,” Will extended his right arm, “It’s so gory.”

They all nodded, before Jack sighed. “Well then, we have a funeral to be attending. Let’s go, chop chop.”

With that, Jack got out of the door with the Science Trio behind him. Will sighed, getting up from the table he was sitting and went out the door with them after hearing Jack telling him to “Hurry up!”

“If we have to attend another funeral, the next one would be mine.” Beverly groaned, massaging the back of her neck. Will silently agrees with a grim look.

“Go talk to them.” Jack nudged at Will’s side making him grunt. “The ceremony is over, go on.” Jack nodded his head at their direction while making eye contact with Will whose eyes were on his shoulder.

“Alright, alright.” With a sigh, Will adjusted his jacket and went over to find a member of the totally not suspicious Lecter family.

Oh no.

Will scowled at the smiling Hannibal Lecter who was approaching him. When the young count was about to talk to him, Will swiftly walked past him and found Roze Lecter.

Roze had tears in her eyes and was practically shaking. “A-Agent Graham.” She sniffled, trying to greet him with a watery smile. “Hey,” Will said softly, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

“So sorry, I’m just-” Roze sobbed, clutching tightly at Will’s jacket.

“Scared,” Will said, his gaze softening as he rubbed circles on her back while Roze nodded.

He said it once and he’ll say it again, Roze Lecter was not the killer. It wasn’t because she was too shaky and scared. It’s because she isn’t even capable of these murders, not poison let alone stabbing someone. Roze is the type to be scared of horror movies and is terrified whenever she sees the slightest of blood. It couldn’t be her. She’s just horrified of the idea that the killer would go after her next.

“What are you doing? Get your hands off of her.”

Will raised a brow at the tall woman who has her arms wrapped around Roze now after Will removed his hands. Roze’s sobs were muffled now as she has her face on Motina’s chest while Motina soothed her.

“It could never be Roze so don’t even waste your time on her.” Motina glared at Will before her gaze drifted to the lady in her arms. Her eyes turned sad and softened, “She’s scared as she is,” Motina muttered.

Something tells Will that she was projecting. Judging by the light tremble as she holds Roze, like she's trying to stop herself from shaking. How her eyes never made contact with his, how her lips quiver as she speaks to him like she's scared of *him*.

"Sorry," Will mumbled before walking off.

Motina Lecter was suspicious.

Will then went to Robertus and his wife, Murasaki and Chiyoh.

Chiyoh was Murasaki's handmaiden and only served Murasaki. She stayed with them because she didn't have any other family and the Lecters were practically her family now. She was loyal to Murasaki and never leaves her side so it really couldn't be her. Well, Will would know after speaking to them.

"Will! Come here," Robertus said, smiling at him, showing off his dimples. He really was gorgeous.

Clearing his throat and thoughts, Will smiled back. "Mr. Lecter."

"Please call me Robertus or Robert for short," Robertus said with a smile that made Will's heart beat quicker. Oh, heart be still, for this man is married and his wife beside him does not look happy.

If looks could kill, Will would be drop dead on the ground by Murasaki's cold stare. Well, Will could empathize with her (he could empathize with anyone what's he talking about?), having such a handsome husband, not to mention he's rich, must be hard.

"Of course, Robertus," Will answered with a nervous smile of his own, looking down at the ground, bashfully.

"I was wondering, did you hear anyone that night Matis got-"

Robertus just shook his head, waving his hand, "Please, let's not speak about such gruesome things. It's rather unfortunate for Matis but everyone dies eventually. It's a matter of how and when."

Will blinked. He did not feel sorry for his brother. Matis must be a horrible person.

"But, Sir, it's kind of my job?" Will sent him a weak smile, looking up at Robertus through his long lashes.

"Ah," Robertus sighed in defeat, "Those gorgeous eyes are my weakness." Robertus gave him a playful wink.

Will's cheeks turned pink, eyes leaving Robertus and landed onto his wife who did not look happy as she clung onto Robertus tighter.

Robertus smirked but was quickly replaced with his warm smiles. He was using Will to get Murasaki jealous for some reason. No, no reason. It's a thing they do. They're both immensely attractive and they like making the other jealous. A little game of theirs.

"Well, they're my family. I would not be pointing fingers therefore there isn't anyone I suspect."

As Will was thinking of a respond, Robertus asked, "How old were you when you joined the FBI, Will?"

"Oh, um, I'm not actual real FBI." Will replied, nervous as he flexed his sweaty hands, wiping them on his pants. "I just help profile when I can."

"I see, I see."

Will gave him a smile but was confused as to why the conversation has directed to him now.

"Frankly, I was surprised when I saw you as one of the FBI agents. I thought you were a model of sort, you're quite the beauty," Robertus said with a luscious tone.

That's when Will actually *blushed*, the blood rushed into his cheeks as he stammered a 'thank you' and his eyes fluttered to everywhere but the man who was chuckling cheekily.

One thing about Will; he has a thing for older men. It wasn't like he wasn't interested in younger men or men his age; he just preferred older men. Older men have more experiences, bigger and you know what they say, 'the bigger the better' but another thing was that, he likes older men on their knees. The type where they're all prideful and arrogant but fall to their knees in closed doors for Will. He didn't mind *being* the one kneeling but it's just a preference.

Will could feel the hard and cold glare that's sent his way by the woman beside Robertus but he simply ignores it. It wasn't like he was going to be a homewrecker and ruin their relationship. Will wasn't that kind of person even though he did ruin a marriage before but to be fair, he did not know she was married. Will was a little offended that Murasaki would think of him that lowly and to assume his as one.

"Uh, do you know have suspicions, Lady Murasaki?" Will asked with a forced smile, obvious that he only spoke to her because he needed to and not because he wanted to. It was reluctant, a strained smile. His eyes were as cold as Murasaki's when he regards her.

Robertus' eyes danced to Will then Murasaki, like they were his own personal show.

Why shouldn't he indulge in two beautiful people fighting over him?

Murasaki felt like she shouldn't waste her breath on him as she turns her head away, chin up and walks away like a peacock fluttering his tail.

Chiyoh, the handmaiden spoke up. She looked at him like her mistress does, with cold detachment, like Will was the one that's trying to steal *her* husband. "My lady has a sore throat and cannot speak as of now." Having said that, she bowed to Robertus and didn't even

bat an eye at Will as she waltzed away to her waiting mistress that had her back turned at them.

Robertus chuckled, “Sorry for that. I have no idea why she’s so rude. And don’t pay too mind on Chiyoh’s behavior, she dislikes anyone my love dislikes as well.”

Will gave him a strained smile but it quickly dissipated when he heard him calling Murasaki, ‘my love’. He wasn’t *in love* with Robertus, the reason for the ache in his heart was because, well, he felt lonely. Having someone to speak of him in such an endearing way, to be wanted and needed by someone. Will dare not even imagine it. It wouldn’t happen nonetheless; he should stop dreaming. But deep down he wished upon a star that he could have someone, a lover that would appreciate him and his flaws but who was insane enough to appreciate *those* flaws?

“I didn’t even know she had a sore throat, she sounded fine this morning,” Robertus mused, oblivious to Will’s internal distress, “I should buy her something to sooth her beautiful throat.”

All these talk about Murasaki made Will want to commit unalive.

It seemed like some god has heard his prayers as he was suddenly dragged by an unknown figure.

“What the-” Will frowned at the shorter man. Fernando Lecter, the youngest brother of all the Lecter brothers. “I couldn’t help but hear that Robertus had complimented your beauty and I do agree, your beauty is unmatched to even the Lithuanian models.” Fernando smirked, caressing the side of Will’s face making the agent flustered as he pushed the older man away. “This isn’t professional, Mister Lecter.”

“Oh, come on. Don’t taint that beautiful face with a frown,” Fernando said with a mocked pout, tapping on Will’s chin. “And who cares?” Fernando shrugs. “I have money, who’d dare telling me what’s professional and not? And who dares tell me what I *can* and *can’t* have?”

The immediate dislike was not a surprise for Will. He couldn’t stand rich folks, not to mention rich folks who are rude and was a huge pompous ass.

Sensing Will’s shift in demeanor into something akin to annoyed and irritated, Fernando flashed a charming and apologetic smile. “What if I tell you something the family is choosing to be hush hush about? Hm? Would you spend a night with me then, pretty boy?” Fernando leaned in closer to Will, looking up at him with a cocky grin.

Now intrigued, Will raised a brow, “Oh?” Fernando was quite taken aback at Will leaning closer to Fernando but was happy about it all the same. “Maybe, Mister Lecter. Depends if your little secret is worthwhile for me to wind up in your room.”

Will smirked, using his index finger to lift Fernando’s chin until they’re both at eye level. Fernando visibly swallowed, his pupils dilating. Did it really just take this much to have the infamous playboy to get all hot and bothered?

“Well,” Fernando straightened himself up when Will released him, “Matis hits his wife. You’d think Jules cover herself up so much like a nun because she’s religious but that’s all bullshit. She’s covering the scars, the marks.” He takes out a cigarette, waving it to ask if Will wants one in which Will shook his head, his brows knitted together and lip twitched downwards.

Fernando shrugged as in saying ‘suit yourself’ and lit the cigarette up.

“Matis might seem quiet and polite outside like some stuck-up prick from a prestigious Christian school because he was one,” Fernando released the cigarette from his mouth and waved it before placing it back inside his mouth, “but it’s a façade, really. He’ll yell and hit her behind closed doors. That dick probably wasn’t even aware that we knew he hits her. Does he really think that the walls are that thick? Her screams could be heard from a mile away.” Fernando laughed, shaking his head.

“And you all did nothing?” Will asked in disbelief. He could feel anger coursing through his veins. He couldn’t believe what he’s hearing. Who these people are. Who these people he has come to know. The kind Robertus, the sweet Mischa, the petite Roze. They could’ve helped. Why didn’t they help? The others, Will couldn’t say anything because he didn’t really *know* them. A name flash in his mind, Hannibal Lecter. Why does Will feel so disappointed in him the most? Why did he think Hannibal Lecter would do something about it? To help Jules?

“Of course not! It wasn’t our business. Our family is like that, agent,” Fernando said like he was talking about the weather, so *casually*. This was abuse. Fucking abuse not the weather. Will clutched his hand until his nails were digging into his palm, until his knuckles turned white. The anger building up in him, the sadness he has for Jules. *Poor, poor Jules.*

When Fernando glanced at Will, Will didn’t want to know what he saw but he looked like he saw a monster. His face turned pale as the cigarette fell from his mouth and he quickly spluttered something about how he tried to help Jules but *didn’t know how*. Fucking bullshit, Will’s head screamed. “Being the youngest and the most handsome in the Lecter family is difficult, you know?”

Even then he felt the need to compliment himself, the fucking narcissist. Will’s head was clouded in righteous fury, everything sounded muffled as he tried not to rip Fernando into shreds. His head hurt so much but then he thought of what Jules might’ve felt. Alone and scared.

Fernando said some bullshit about Matis might have been jealous of him if he tried to even speak to Jules and *he* was scared because what if Matis hits *him*. Saying he might get possessive when Jules ultimately falls for him, the knight in shining armor who would come to save her from Matis’ evil crutches. “This isn't some sick fairy tale in your head!” was what Will wanted to yell at him but he calmed himself. He wasn’t going to make a scene in front of all these people and he needed more information. He couldn’t do that if Fernando is scared shitless like how he was before, having taken a glimpse of Will’s internal darkness.

Fernando thought that Will would think of him as a hero, as the weak one that could do nothing but watch as the poor girl gets abused by her husband. Honestly, fuck him. Fucking dickhead.

Will nodded and thanked him through gritted teeth before leaving. Fernando called out to him and gave him a card. “Call me.” He winked before departing to the bar.

Even in his brother’s funeral he keeps cards of his phone number to give to people he wishes to hook up with. Disgusted with the card itself, Will threw it when he passed by a trash can.

Unknowingly to Will, Hannibal had silently watched him the whole time as he interacted with Roze and Motina, Robertus, Murasaki and Chiyoh and eventually, Fernando.

He then approached Will with a deep frown etched onto his face. Will’s anger dissipated momentarily, raising a brow at the frowning count. It was confusing to Will as the young Lecter would always approach him with a warm smile. This was a first. Hannibal looked like he was about to throw a tantrum when they were face to face.

“What’s got your panties in a twist?”

Hannibal snapped, “The reason my panties are in a twisted knot is because an FBI agent- no, a ‘not actual FBI agent’ is getting *flirty* with two of my uncles when it is oh so obvious that I was trying to court him.” The count sniffed, turning his head away from Will with crossed arms.

Flustered and flattered at Hannibal’s bluntness. Will stuttered out an apology, “S-Sorry?”

It was obvious that Will was confused about the whole thing, one would even call him oblivious about the situation. Hannibal simply huffed and left, stomping his feet as he does so.

Cute.

Will quickly pushed that thought deep into his mind. He did not need to be thinking about him like that. But it was quite adorable of him to get jealous about such silly things when he was mostly furious with Fernando.

Shaking his head, he went to Jules. The last of the Lecter family.

If they even count her as family, Will sneered.

Will loosened his guards, approaching her with much more gentleness and more informally. He had messed up his gelled hair and perfect suit for her to get more comfortable with him seeing how she’s a mess and wouldn’t really feel good to have someone all ‘perfect’ talking to her because she would be worried about her appearance then and Will needed her full attention on him alone.

“How do you feel?” His eyes were soft and gentle as he looked at Jules. Asking if she was okay would be redundant.

“I-I don’t know…” Jules started to burst out crying, clinging onto the nearest thing which was Will and sobbing into his suit, Will pat her back delicately as if she was glass that would break if he touched her too hardly. In a way, she was. Like glass that keeps cracking but still

intact until one day she breaks completely and there would be shards scattered everywhere. Until then, no matter how much you try to piece her back together, she was still broken.

Will could feel the eyes, looking at them, burning into the scene they had made. It was uncomfortable but his comfort was second as of now, Jules was his top priority so when she tensed after finally feeling the gazes, he glared at them and gently guided Jules and him to somewhere more secluded, unaware that he was being followed.

They went to the staircases where the emergency exits were. Will helped her sit down on one of the stairs and gave her a tissue that he had in his pocket.

“Th-Thank you,” Jules hiccupped, wiping away the tears.

Now, Will was very certain that this woman was not the killer.

“I know it’s not you but do you know anyone else? A friend? An employee?” Will tried his best to be calm with his approach but Jules kept shaking her head, sobbing again. She was trembling. Will gave her a sympathetic glance and sat next to her, placing her head to lie on his shoulder, giving her a shoulder to cry on.

After a while, the sobs died down. “Do you want to go back out there?” Will felt a nod on his shoulder and got up, holding her like glass as he guides her back to the main hall.

“Thank you, Agent Graham.” She gave him a watery smile before going to Roze.

Will watched behind her and sighed, his shoulders slumped down. None of them were helpful.

Roze and Jules were too scared, Murasaki, Chiyoh and Motina doesn’t even want to talk to him because they hate him for some reason and Robertus would just brush off the topic and Mischa was forbidden to be involved.

That leaves…

Will’s eyes locked with Hannibal who was opposite of the room. The young count was still mad at him as he had his arms crossed and turned away when they locked eyes. Will sighed, walking towards him and mentally preparing to use his ‘Graham charm’ as Beverly liked to put it.

“Hey.”

The young count refused to even look at Will, his head was turned to look at the wall beside them but ultimately after a second Hannibal glanced at Will, or well, his bare arms that Will has exposed by rolling up his sleeves. Still brimming with rage, Hannibal locked eyes with the profiler with a deep scowl on his face. “Were my uncles not enough? That you wish to pursue a recently widowed aunt in her husband’s funeral?”

Will paid no mind to Hannibal's jab and gave him a small smile in which Hannibal's cheeks turned pink at. "What's next? Aunt Roze?"

Sighing, Will gave a breathless chuckle and shook his head. "I don't want any of them, Hannibal."

Will could see the younger man's pupils dilating at the mention of his name. He likes it when Will says it, the agent noted. Continuing his little 'strip tease', Will tugged hie tie to make it loose, it was already uncomfortable anyways, all the while gazing up at the taller man with half-lidded eyes.

God, this better work.

And it seems like it did with Hannibal nostrils flared, his eyes looked black with his pupils dilating, his cheeks flushed pink until his neck, Will wondered where that blush leads to. But he still looked angry. Gulping, Hannibal turned away with shut eyes like a little child who was still mad at their mother because she didn't want to buy the toy he so desperately wanted.

Stubborn.

Hannibal was mad, jealous. *If he thinks that he can seduce me by doing these little stunts to make up with me he's absolutely-*

The profiler placed a gentle hand on the young count's shoulder, his mouth only an inch apart from his ear, "I was wondering if you would know anything about the murders."

Just like that Hannibal turned into putty, he felt like he was melting under Will Graham's touch and the way he could feel his breath as the handsome man whispered about murders into his ears. It was all too much. Hannibal felt like he was about to combust with these ministrations. He feared that he would lose all his sense and just pin the profiler to the wall and have him then and there. It was all wild, really, probably wouldn't even happen because Hannibal Lecter the Eighth never loses his sense. But then there's Will Graham and all thought goes away.

"Poison. I smelt poison in Uncle Filip's tea when Aunt Roze was taking it to his office."

"How did you smell that?" asked Will, it seemed like he was leaning closer to Hannibal making his heart jumped and his knees buckled.

"I-I have an acute sense of smell." A pause. "I really must introduce you to a finer aftershave. That smells like something with a ship on the bottle."

Scowling, Will removed his beautiful hand away from Hannibal's shoulder. The loss of contact made Hannibal winced and pouted. "Thank you for the information, Hannibal. You're probably the only one who's useful today."

His mood was quickly up again after the praise Will had so kindly bestowed upon him. Hannibal smiled with hearts in his eyes, pleased. "Is there anything else?"

Hannibal hesitated, before shaking his head.

“It wasn’t Aunt Roze.”

Will nodded, “I know.”

He walked off.

Chapter End Notes

THANKS FOR READING!!! Hope you all enjoyed it and have a good day <3

Three

Chapter Summary

> “You got cake, Hannibal.” Will gave a toast to Hannibal with the cup of coffee in hand before drinking the coffee all the while staring at Hannibal with mischievous eyes.
>
> When everything seemed to click and when his brain started to function again, Hannibal blushed a bright shade of red that reminded Will of an apple. A very pretty apple.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> If this was heaven, Hannibal never wanted to go anywhere else. Not even the beautiful Florence could take him away from this place.
>
> Hannibal felt like he was in a white daze, a smell so sweet that it was suffocating for his sensitive nose but then there was this distant smell in with it, a mixture. A smell of a horrid aftershave. The smell came closer and closer until he was smothered by it. He felt like he was dying, choked by the scent until something touched him. A feathery touch was on his shoulder that sent pleasure shooting straight to his spine.
>
> The touch multiplied. It was everywhere on Hannibal. Grabbing a fist ton of his hair, on his neck, his cheek, his chest, his hips, his thighs. Places that no one else had the pleasure of touching but himself and yet this unfamiliar hand is touching. But it wasn’t unfamiliar. It was the hand that had touched his shoulder. The touch that Hannibal wish would touch him *more* and more and to never stop until Hannibal writhe and twist under the touch. To touch him in ways that leaves him speechless and trembling, in places that he can’t reach, in places he craves, in places he aches, in places where pleasure flows through his senses until he stops thinking and can only think of *him*.
>
> Hannibal wanted to scream out his name until his throat goes sore, scrambling the sheets with fist tightening around them until his knuckles go white. His toes curling as he kicked and thrashed around, begging him not to stop with tears streaming down his face when he’s lost in the pure joy and ecstasy that Will brings him.
>
> With those dark curls, bright blue eyes that changes colors, soft pink lips, fair pale skin and rough hands that could hold a gun, that could kill, hands Hannibal wish that could choke him and touch him. *Please, oh please, touch me.*
>
> Hannibal would beg to have him touch him, to love him and crave him like he does with him.
>
> The smell and the touch were all too much, it was overwhelmingly delicious. Hannibal felt himself slowly succumbing to the torturous pleasure before be jolted up, panting and

trembling all over.

It was all just a dream!

Oh, how cruel the world can be.

Hannibal whined into his pillow, trying to chase the dream again, chasing for the lover he never had, for the sensation it brought him. He closes his eyes and *tries* to sleep, a pathetic attempt to pursuit the euphoria he once held in his hands but alas, he couldn't and sleeping was feeling all too uncomfortable with the sticky mess in between his thighs.

Grimacing, Hannibal reluctantly got up, grumpy and turned on until he realized what day today was.

His mood immediately got better as he had an appointment with the love of his life.

The young count quickly got ready. He wore a white button up and tight khaki pants that shows the curve of his ass. If that doesn't catch Will's attention, Hannibal didn't know what will. He decided against in styling his hair though he does tame the bedhead he had. It'll be casual. Today was a casual day. He didn't want to chase Will away after all. Chasing him to believe that this was simply a professional date. Oh please, like Hannibal would be sated with a professional relationship with Will Graham. No. He wants him. Body and soul. Intimate and conjoined together.

Pleased with himself, Hannibal happily walked downstairs with a skip in his beat. His ears perked up to hear Mischa whistling to a song. He recalled it was the song she had suggested him to listen to, 'Daylight' by Taylor Swift.

I don't wanna look at anything else now that I saw you. I can never look away.

I don't wanna think of anything else now that I thought of you. Things will never be the same.

Hannibal sighed, almost wistfully. Like he was yearning over a past lover. Reminiscing the memory of their little touches, the smiles that they shared; their little secret. The way their eyes brightened whenever they see him. Truthfully, it was just Will. His mind is forever occupied by the handsome FBI profiler. Nothing mattered more than him. Nothing mattered but him. The world could be burning and Hannibal would only think of his God, his religion, Will.

"Mischa. We talked about this, no whistling. It is not proper for a lady," Lady Murasaki chides as she's sat on the couch with her legs crossed and back straight, reading a novel, Hannibal took a peek and saw the title, 'Pride and Prejudice'.

"Yeah, yeah." Mischa pouted; her whistling stopped. Her grim expression was immediately replaced with delighted curiosity, "And where are you going, Hannibal?"

"A date," Hannibal smugly replied. He looked so pleased with himself that you'd think he had become president overnight.

"Is it with Will?" Mischa asked, narrowing her eyes at Hannibal with clear displeasure.

“Yes,” Hannibal replied proudly and haughtily. Though, he was a little irritated with how Mischa had called Will by his name as if she had known his for ages. Maybe he was being *too* possessive. Then again, Mischa had flirted with Will, *his* Will. He needed to be safe to be sure that Mischa was trusted. He loves and adores his little sister but the times that he had watched an opera of the female lead getting betrayed by their own sister has got him quite paranoid. Nevertheless, he *knows* Mischa would never cause him such pain. He loves Mischa and Mischa loves him. Hannibal knows Mischa, her feelings to Will, however genuine it may be, it was just a fleeting crush like all the others she had been infatuated with. It would pass within a month, give or take.

“Oh, may I go? Please?” Mischa begged, showing off her big doe eyes who were pleading to join Hannibal along his romantic adventure with Will Graham.

Now, Hannibal has known this tactic and is mostly immune to it by now. When he was about to reject her, his uncle chimed in. “No, Mischa.” Robertus’ tone was stern and clear but it didn’t scare Mischa, she knows he loves her. “But uncle!” Mischa whined.

“No means no. You are banned from speaking to Agent Graham.” And with that, Robertus returns to the newspaper he was reading.

Mischa sighed, defeated as she hunched her shoulders down and laid on the couch beside Lady Murasaki.

“You know, Hannibal, you shouldn’t be too delusional. Remind yourself that it isn’t a date.” Murasaki was still reading her novel as she spouted those hurtful words. *Awful lies*, Hannibal thought.

Chiyoh who was pouring tea for Murasaki disguised her laugh with a scoff.

Hannibal huffed, “It is.”

“Does Will know that?” Robertus joked, chuckling at Hannibal’s flared nostrils and wide maroon eyes.

“Agent Graham to *you*, uncle.” Hannibal straightened his shirt, puffing his chest. He could hear Mischa giggling and saw Murasaki’s suppressed smile. Robertus had comically wide eyes, feigning offense but looked as if he was about to break into a grin.

“Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a *date* with Will Graham!”

And with that, he left the Lecter mansion with high spirits to see his beautiful Will Graham again.

Hannibal went in the café he had sent to Will to meet him there. After their last encounter, Will had gracefully given him his phone number (finally). He scanned his maroon eyes and it was immediately drawn to the man who was sitting in the corner of the shop, eyes down and hands fidgeting. Hannibal smiled endearingly at Will. His Will was truly magnificent.

“My apologies, I am late.” Hannibal took a seat across Will, flashing him an apologetic smile.

“I’m just early.”

“Eager now, are we?” Hannibal teased.

“Oh please,” Will scoffed making Hannibal smile wider, “*I* wasn’t the one with a wet dream of the other last night.” Will smirked.

Just then, Hannibal’s heart stopped, frozen in his seat. Did Will knew? Did he predict the ‘wet dream’? Hannibal had never known that Will’s mind was so powerful to that extent that he can see through his dreams. Can he foresee his feelings then? The future perhaps? He knew Will’s mind was a beautiful, beautiful thing but he didn’t expect *this*. What kind of witchcraft is this?

“Um, I was kidding, Hannibal,” Will suddenly said awkwardly, scratching his stubble.

Clearing his throat and to disguised his embarrassment, Hannibal replied, “I know, Will.”

When Will narrowed his eyes at Hannibal and was about to ask him something. Probably to ask if he *did* have a wet dream of him, they were interrupted by the waiter.

Thank the waiter, I’ll be sure to give him a tip. Will can have a tip too. Maybe Will can give me a tip?

Hannibal’s cheeks colored at his perverted thoughts. He was not talking about tips of money.

“*I would like the Cepelinai and a glass of water, please.*” Hannibal said with his home language before locking eyes with Will’s confused stare. “Ah, what do you like, Will?”

“Um, I think I’ll have the uh…” Will glanced at the menu, flipping a few pages as he stuck out his tongue to lick his lips.

Those gorgeous lips. I wonder how it will feel on mine?

“I would like the *Bulviniai Blynai. Did I pronounce it correctly?” Will asked, head tilted with an awkward smile. “You did wonderfully, Will.” Hannibal smiled.*

“Oh, and a cup of coffee.”

The waiter took their orders and left.

“Potato pancakes, a good choice. I remembered Mischa and I used to eat it every day when we were kids,” Hannibal said with a smile towards Will. It was like a ray of sunshine, it blinded Will.

“Hmm…” Will glanced outside the window. “You know, speaking of pancakes.”

Will looked at Hannibal dead in the eye. “You got cake, Hannibal.”

The two locked eyes. Hannibal blinked at Will multiple times. Will simply stared back. It was like a strange staring contest of sorts until the waiter came to give them their drinks. Hannibal downed his cup of water in one go.

A pause.

"Pardon?" He heard his voice crack and quickly cleared his throat.

"You got cake, Hannibal." Will gave a toast to Hannibal with the cup of coffee in hand before drinking the coffee all the while staring at Hannibal with mischievous eyes.

When everything seemed to clicked and when his brain started to function again, Hannibal blushed a bright shade of red that reminded Will of an apple. A very pretty apple.

"Then I see the pants worked," Hannibal finally said when he calmed down.

Now it was Will's turn to malfunction.

A beat.

"I guess so."

Another sip of his coffee.

Hannibal smiles. "I guess so." He echoed.

Will would be lying if he said he wasn't enjoying the young Lecter's company. It was fun to tease the young Lecter, his reaction was cute. He is cute.

Get your head in the game, Graham.

Will mentally cursed himself for letting his thoughts to drift towards… there.

Clearing his throat, Will broke the comfortable silence between them. "Anything or anyone suspicious?"

"Well, I am most definitely sure that Mischa, Uncle Robertus and Aunt Murasaki or Chiyoh hadn't done it considering they never step into Uncle Filip's room before. And everyone except for Aunt Jules never goes to Uncle Matis' room. The only time someone other than Aunt Jules went was Uncle Robertus and that was because an abnormal incident had occurred."

Suddenly the memories of Fernando's words came crashing in. The way Jules cried and wept in his arms, so vulnerable, so sad, so alone .

"Is it because he usually yells?"

They could've helped. Why didn't they help? They were family after all, no? In laws still count as family, right? Did they just see pass Matis' abuse? How could they let that happen? They could've helped with that shit ton of money but they didn't. Why? How could they see

her hurting and do nothing? How could they stand her screaming and crying? The broken sobs and the scars on her.

Will couldn't believe Hannibal's next answer.

"It wasn't our business."

He said it so mildly, so casually.

Will didn't get it. Why? Why did he feel so fucking disappointed in Hannibal? Why did he think he was different from the rest of his family? He held such high expectations for the young Lecter only to be disappointed.

Will let out a disbelieving humorless laugh as he slumped in his seat.

The silence was long, uncomfortable and unbearable with Will staring at his coffee while Hannibal stares at Will.

The waiter came and place their food and left quickly, sensing tension between the two.

Suddenly, Will started talking and he couldn't stop.

"You Lecters think just because you all are so high and mighty, the richest in Lithuania that you could do anything to people. Have you ever thought of how Jules felt? Poor lonely Jules, who loved Matis and thought someone *cared*, that someone was there for her. That she's *not* alone. When she was a poor little girl, he reached out but she never knew what she's getting into when she held his hand. The little girl was scared when he first laid hands on her, when he yelled cause Matis never yells. God, forbid he raises his voice. And Jules never cries, she never cries when it came to Matis so why was she then? Why does she have bruises covering her skin? Why does she cry each night? From the nightmares, from the memories." Hannibal could do nothing but stare at Will's continuous rant. He stayed quiet because what was he to say? There was nothing to say because Will was right. "And the thing is- she loves him. She wants him back. After all he's done, she still craves him like a drug and is probably depress as fuck right now because he's fucking dead. The killer isn't Jules, it isn't Roze who obviously never loved Filip so who is it?" Hannibal gulped. "If you Lecters can't even help poor Jules then who can you help? To avenge Filip Lecter? Matis Lecter? Who were abusers and I daresay deserved to rot in hell like the sonofabitches they are. Is it because they're Lecters and Jules isn't? Because she's not family enough to you all? That she doesn't fit in? That she will *never* fit in?"

Will was panting and out of breath after his long rant, tears were in his eyes, clouding his vision. Maybe he had gotten too close to her, empathized too much. But maybe it's because Jules was just like him. They bled in together. Because Will was and would always be an outsider, a nobody that couldn't fit in, with no family, with no one but himself. Always alone. His father was the closest thing to it but even so, he never truly understood him. No one did. He had always been alone.

Hannibal was stunned. His eyes widened but only slightly as he tried to remain his calm composure. This wasn't the direction he hoped their date would go. He truly didn't understand Will Graham's empathy extended to this. To him reading Jules like an open book. People say Will Graham empathizes with killers, think like them and get in their mindsets but no one mentioned that it wasn't just killers, Will Graham could empathize with *anyone* and yet people still get shocked when he reveals that.

His darling Will had felt Jules' heartbreak and sadness when looking into her warm hazel eyes, when he saw Jules staring one last time at her once lover in a coffin. Hannibal remembered seeing her expression. No one could notice it, no one but Will and Hannibal himself. Her eyes went soft, the corner of her lips quirked up a bit, thinking of their golden and most treasured memory that's long gone. Matis was *gone*. Jules had cried.

"Are you all right, Will?" Hannibal winced at the redundant question. When was he this senseless?

Will simply shook his head, his dark curls bouncing. He buried his face into his hands, perhaps trying to block out the world, to block out *Hannibal*. Now, this won't do.

Hannibal hesitantly reached out to take a hold of Will's hand. When he sensed no resistance, he softly rubbed circles on it. "I'm sorry, Will. We never liked to pick into others' problems. The last time we did," Hannibal pursed his lips, "it cost us. You're right, we only think of ourselves and I'm sorry, Will. But Matis is gone now." Hannibal refused to call him uncle. "He deserved it and there is a reason why he's killed alongside Filip." He would not acknowledge these abusers as his uncles; he never did. They were in his list a long time ago but it was too risky, to kill his own family. "It was righteousness. To dispose the world of people like them."

"Pigs," Will supplied in a murmur. Hannibal smiled, "Pigs."

"They have both been pigs and died because of it. They deserved death, it was right. I wonder, Will. If the killers have been caught, do they still have to be incarcerated by helping the world getting rid of two meaningless pigs?"

Will was momentarily quiet.

"You've said it yourself, Will. They deserved to rot in hell. If it were you, would you have killed them knowing what they had done?"

Hannibal was curious now. What would his dear Will's answer be?

Will mumbled something.

"Pardon?"

"You said killers. There's two isn't there? And you know who they are."

Hannibal remained silent.

Will pulled his hand back, got up and left.

Hannibal yearns for the warmth of his hand.

Chapter End Notes

THANKS FOR READING!!!!

Four

Chapter Summary

> “Stay with me.”
>
> Will quirked an eyebrow, his smile turned into a teasing smirk, “Where else would I go?”

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the irregular posting schedule! Here's the next chapter I hope you all will enjoy it!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Why he didn’t tell Jack Crawford about his newfound revelation?

Will would not answer.

Even when it’s practically confirmed that there are two killers and that he shouldn’t hesitate to bring this valuable piece of information to Jack’s doorstep, Will find himself unable to do it.

Why he couldn’t do it?

Will is wondering that now. As he lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling of his hotel room, Will fidgeted, thinking of Jack, about the two killers, about Filip, about Matis, about Jules. Will sighed, covering his eyes with his right arm. He thought of Hannibal. He thought of how he had walked off away from him that day. He thought of how Hannibal *knew* that there were two killers. Christ, how did Hannibal find out? Is the killer going to go after him next? The thought made Will clutched his hand into a fist, worriedness washing over him. If anyone even lay a hand on Hannibal, Will would kill them.

The thought startled him, but he could understand why he thought of that. If Beverly or Jimmy, hell even Jack and Brian were dead by the hands of someone, Will would want to kill them too. In the course of the time here in Lithuania, he had been acquainted with Hannibal. They even went on a hangout together in the café, though Will did just want to retrieve more information. It was nice.

Sighing, Will picked up his phone and dialed Jack.

When Jack picked up, Will didn't even let him speak first before announcing, "There's two killers."

"What?"

"Jack, there's no way someone who was sneaking around to poison Filip and someone who straight up gutted Matis are the same killer. It's too big of a jump. It's different. It *felt* different."

Will didn't tell Jack about how he found out that there are two killers. He didn't tell Jack how he had his question answered. Who had answered his question. Will didn't feel the need to drag the young count into his world. If Jack ever found out, Will knew he was going to get yelled at. For not telling him Hannibal knew about the two killers and how he knew. They would interrogate him, would pressure him. Would have him in a room all alone with someone. Will was pretty sure Hannibal would do perfectly fine in those situations, Will just didn't wanted Hannibal to experience it. He felt protective over him, possessive maybe.

"Great, now there's *two* killers in the Lecter family. Hell, maybe the Lecters are some murder family." Jack grumbled through the phone. Will smiled humorlessly even though Jack couldn't see him. "Maybe."

"Oh, and Will? You know about the Il Monstro?"

"*Jack*."

It seems like Jack knew that Will is not happy to have to be solving another case as he reassures him that he wasn't going to take over that case and that the Lithuanians can handle it.

"I just wanted to tell you about a tourist from Baltimore. She was visiting Lithuania for Christmas and guess what? She was found in a field, pierced through a pair of antlers. Her lungs were taken. You know anything about it? We could try to help. Nojus and I were talking about-"

Jack's voice seemed to disappear and everything sounded muffled and then it turned silent. It was just Will and his thoughts and his thoughts were flooded with Hannibal. When was his mind occupied by the young Lecter? He couldn't help but think of what if he had stayed in the café and not walked out? Did he not want to face Hannibal after hearing that he knew that there were two killers all along and never chose to say anything? That, that information could've helped his family? Could've solved the case, perhaps. And yet, he didn't say a word.

He doesn't want the case to end yet. Not when he hasn't had you yet.

The voice had the same voice as his, it whispered in his mind like a fly that's buzzing into his ear. It was annoying and Will wanted to swat it away. The thoughts, the voices. Everything.

"Will? Are you listening?"

“Huh?”

A sigh, “Forget it. It’s Christmas and I have been hard on you.” A pause. “All of you. Take the day off.”

Jack hung up.

Two days. Jack couldn’t even give him three days, no. Two days.

Beverly groaned again; it was the 3rd time Jack has been dialing him. “We can’t keep ignoring him, Bev.”

Beverly frowned, “And why not? This was supposed to be a holiday, it’s Christmas! We deserve a break, plus Christmas is next week, Graham!”

Will sighed. She’s right, this was supposed to be a break. They should’ve just let the Lithuanian cops handle the Lecter case since day one but… But he wouldn’t have met Hannibal. Just thinking about him make Will winced.

“I swear if there’s another murder, I’m killing myself.” Beverly flopped on Will’s bed face first.

“Same,” Jimmy agreed as he lay himself on Brian’s lap. They were sitting on the couch in Will’s hotel room. Brian was playing with Jimmy’s hair while Jimmy closed his eyes, a smile dancing on his lips. He looked relaxed.

“Double suicide,” Beverly deadpanned, the sheets muffling her voice.

“Get a therapist,” Brian said, scoffing while he shakes his head.

Beverly screamed into a pillow when they heard Will’s phone ringing again. “Just pick the fucking phone up, Graham.” The look she sent to Will could be described as murderous.

“Jack?”

“Pick up your damn phone next time, Will! When I call you, it’s serious. It means a murder had occurred or something similar, alright? Why even have a phone if you won’t pick it up.” Jack grumbled. Will twitched in annoyance, he wanted to yell back saying something along the lines like, his life isn’t only revolved around Jack and murders but refrained himself. It wouldn’t do him any good anyways and the conversation will just drag longer with Jack yelling at him.

“I need you to find more information, even better, evidence.”

Will frowned, “How the hell would I get that?”

“You’re going to the Lecter mansion. We got permission from them.” Jack sounded pleased with himself, unbeknownst to Will’s internal crisis. He’s going to the Lecter mansion? Could

he even face Hannibal again?

“Are the others going to tag along as well?”

“No. The requirement is that only you can explore their mansion, none of us can.” Will can already picture Jack’s frown but he knows Jack knew better than to argue with the Lecters, Robertus to be exact.

Will groaned, God must really love him. “Alright, alright. When am I going exactly?” Will asked, annoyed by the whole thing. Did Jack really just agreed without even asking how Will feel about this situation? Will would already know how the conversation would go.

“Do I really need permission from you? There are lives at stake, Graham! Just because you say no, the killer might kill someone again! And blah blah blah.”

“Tomorrow. Bring a bag if you need to, something’s telling me you might stay over night seeing how the young Hannibal Lecter seems to take a liking towards you,” Jack teased with a laugh.

Unease wash over him. Right. Hannibal. He didn’t even realize Jack already hung up, too caught up with the fact that *he* has to *face* Hannibal again. Ever since the time in the café, they haven’t contacted or spoken since. Hell, he didn’t even saw him anywhere. Maybe because Hannibal wouldn’t always reached out to him or *knew* where he was but still. Something tells Will that Hannibal knew where he was but chose not to seek out for him. To be fair, it wasn’t his fault, right? Leaving was the right decision. What more was he supposed to say? It wasn’t like he walked out on a date. It wasn’t *that* serious. It wasn’t a date. It wasn’t rude of him.

Right?

“What did he say?”

“I’ll be going to the Lecter mansion to find more info and evidence. Alone.” Will looked like he was about to punch a wall, cry or breakdown.

Brian snorted, “Goodluck with that.”

“Yeah, you’ll need it,” Jimmy said sympathetically.

“What?”

“The whole family seems to have the hots for you,” Beverly exclaimed, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Ew, stop that. It’s creepy and weird. I don’t need more nightmares and none with your weird eyebrows.”

Beverly narrowed her eyes at Will, “My eyebrows are *fine*.”

“Can we *please* stop talking about Bev’s creepy eyebrows?” Brian asked.

“My eyebrows are not creepy!”

“Yeah, let’s get out of this conversation,” Jimmy said, scrunching up his face.

“Anyways, what do you mean what? You’re FBI top profiler with an empathy disorder. Surely, you picked up on it,” Brian raised a brow, “Robertus Lecter, Fernando Lecter and of course, the two youngest Lecter siblings.”

Will groaned, “Fuck off.” He flipped him off while Beverly and Jimmy giggled.

The next day, he found himself in front of the Lecter mansion. It wasn’t like it’s his first time here. The difference was, he wasn’t getting rushed into a crime scene so he could appreciate the beauty of the old timey style of the mansion. It was like an old castle, the gates looked rusty yet it didn’t look ugly, it just fits in with the aesthetic of it all. The patterns and detail of the outer house was unmistakably gorgeous. The windows were all closed and covered by curtains so no one could see the inside. Kind of defeating the whole point with windows, Will mused. Maybe they open it on other days.

Will found himself at the backyard, Will couldn’t really admire it when he was tackled by a dog after a second being there. He laughed in surprise at the golden retriever that had attacked him to the ground. “Hey there, boy.” Will used the tone he always did with his own dogs. The golden retriever barked happily, his tail wagging and tongue sticking out, happily licking Will’s hand as he petted him.

“Will!” The familiar feminine voice rung into Will’s ears. “Mischa,” Will greeted her with a smile.

“A delightful surprise to see you here,” Mischa said, flirtatiously. Her coquettish smile turned into something more genuine and warmer when her pale blue eyes saw Will happily petting the golden retriever.

“His name is Achilles,” Mischa declared proudly, kneeling to pet Achilles with Will.

“The story with Achilles and Patroclus?” At Mischa curious look, Will bashfully clarified, “I was a bit of a Greek mythology nerd back in college.”

Mischa blinked before breaking into a grin. “It seems like Hannibal and you are more alike than I thought.”

Will winced at the mention of the young count. It was stupid of Will to think that Mischa wouldn’t pick up on it, she has always had ears like bats and was more observant than she gets credit for. “Did something happen between you two?”

For some reason, he couldn’t lie to her. “Kind of.” And it was the truth. Kind of.

Mischa simply gave him a sympathetic smile and placed a hand on his which was buried in golden fur. An attempt of comfort, Will acknowledged. He was thankful for the young girl’s

presence and comfort. He felt safe with Mischa, like she understands him somehow. When Mischa was about to speak, they were interrupted.

“Mischa! What did I say about speaking to the FBI agent?”

Both Mischa and Will’s attention snapped towards Robertus, Will saw Hannibal behind his uncle, frowning at Mischa’s and Will’s hands together. The two then locked eyes and Hannibal gave him the most ice piercing glare that made Will flinch. Will quickly remove his hand, avoiding the young Lecter’s scowl.

Mischa whined, arguing with her uncle but alas, loss and took Achilles with her back into the house. Before she left, she tossed an apologetic smile at him in which he returns with his own.

“You should smile often. You look even *more* dashing when you smile. I bet you get all the ladies, huh?” Robertus teased with a playful smile. Will flushed in embarrassment. “Oh, I, uh…”

“I think Mischa has taken a fancy towards you. I hope you don’t mind, girls these days.” Robertus shook his head with a fond smile. “My wife has been urging Mischa to find a lover already and yet, she likes you! Not that it’s a bad thing, no. Just, maybe after the case.” Robertus quickly clarified, hoping to not offend Will in any way.

Will simply flushed more, completely flustered with Robertus’ words.

Hannibal cleared his throat, indicating that he’s still there. “Uncle, I will be taking my leave now. Goodbye.” And then he stomped away. It gave Will déjà vu and Will is teleported back to Matis’ funeral. Hannibal was stunning when his eyes flash red with rage and when he turned green with jealousy. Quickly shaking away his thoughts, Will turned to Robertus.

Will grimaced at the cold treatment of Hannibal, he was standing up now after Achilles and Mischa left. Robertus gave him a pat on the back before departing into the mansion leaving Will alone in the quiet garden.

When he finally went in the mansion, it was just as beautiful as the outside. He looked around in awe, almost forgetting about his mission there.

As he walked upstairs to explore, he was suddenly pulled aside into a room. Will looked at the surroundings and noted that he was in a library. The door slammed loudly as he yelped at the hard force that pushed him against the wall. Will looked down and saw who was his captor.

Fernando Lecter looked up at him with a devilish grin and leaned in to connect their lips together. Fernando immediately tried to plunge his tongue into Will’s mouth, Will who was shocked and disgusted by his actions quickly pushed him away. “What the fuck are you doing?”

Confusion was evident on his face, “You requested to come here because you were too shy to call me, no?”

“What.” It wasn’t a question; it was a disbelief statement.

“I gave you my number, remember?” Yeah, Will remembered throwing it into the nearest trash can.

“That day at the funeral. You promised to spend a night with me if I gave you information. Don’t take your words back now, baby.” Fernando grinned predatorily; a prey trying to disguised itself as predator. He pulled Will by his slim waist, going in for another kiss but was interrupted by a loud thud sound.

“Apologies, *uncle* but this is quite inappropriate for you to make such advances to an agent that’s uncovering the murders in our family.” Hannibal crept out from his hiding spot; behind one of the gigantically tall bookshelves that you’d need a ladder to climb to get to the top shelf. Expected by Lithuanian’s richest. Hannibal though may be younger than both of the men, he was taller than them. Hannibal practically towered Fernando. His eyes were cold and unmoving. He looked disgusted and repulsed though he didn’t show it in a way that’s obvious but Will could tell. By the way he frowns slightly, the downturn of the corner of his lips.

“Oh, fuck off, kid. This is none of your business. Go read your books and draw or something.”

Hannibal’s lip twitched, snarling. It was cute if Will was being honest. Hannibal in general is cute even when he looked like he was about to murder his own uncle right then and there.

“Are you…” Hannibal frowned, “the killer among us? Trying to bribe the agent with sex? You do have been acting quite suspicious.”

Fernando spluttered, off guard by his nephew’s accusations.

“Is that true, Fernando?” Will asked, batting his eyelashes up at the man with a slight pout and knitted eyebrows. The picture of pure innocent confusion. It was to mock him, really.

“What! Of course not! Do you believe in his *lies*?” Fernando released his tight hold on Will’s waist and ran out of the library, spouting Lithuanian curses at them as he left.

Will snorted while Hannibal, who was next to him, chuckled lightly. He couldn’t help the small smile creeping on his lips as he glanced at the younger man next to him, looking at him as if his laugh was the most precious thing, like *he* was the most precious thing.

God, Will needs a drink. Something strong. Whiskey maybe.

“Thanks, Hannibal,” Will finally spoke, smiling shyly at the taller man.

“You are very welcome, Agent Graham.”

For a second, Will’s smile dropped as he froze on the spot. *Agent Graham*. The change of attitude bothered Will, though Will couldn’t explain why. He hated how distant Hannibal made them sound. Hell, Will said his ass looked good. Kind of. He said he had cake and that is *something*, right? They flirted. They ate together. They texted. They even had a one-sided

fight because Hannibal was jealous and Will kind of seduced Hannibal to calm him like a fucking couple and here the young Lecter is, calling him *Agent Graham*.

Will wanted to say don't. Don't act like we're so distant. That we aren't *something*. That our relationship is *only* professional because Hannibal made it clear since day one, he wanted Will. Not his mind, not his body or anything. He just wanted Will and all of Will.

Frowning, Will finally spoke, "I'm sorry for leaving. It was rude of me."

Hannibal seemed to melt, putting down his guard, his shoulder slacked slightly though he had the same neutral expression. "You didn't tell Jack Crawford of my confession towards you."

"Let's go somewhere private," Will whispered, stepping closer to Hannibal's space. He swore he saw the young count gulped at his closeness. With a stiff nod, Hannibal led him to his room.

When they reached his room, Will wasn't surprise. He imagined that Hannibal's room was pretentious so he wasn't really shocked. Not like he pictured Hannibal's room or that he wanted to be there.

"Trying to bed me already? At least take me to dinner first," Will couldn't help but slipped the joke from his lips and immediately regretted it. Why did he say that? Is it because he wanted to delay the confrontation?

Oh, fuck it. Will sat on his bed, he felt comfortable there. Normally, new environments make Will uncomfortable but with Hannibal, he felt like he could do anything. Like he could spill water on the floor and he wouldn't panic because maybe he knows, deep down, Hannibal wouldn't mind his behavior and so he likes to push and push. See where Hannibal breaks but he knows he wouldn't. Hannibal likes Will too much.

Practically beaming, Hannibal said, "I would if you'd let me."

Will stayed quiet, though the silence wasn't awkward. It wasn't a rejection and they both know it judging by the way Will's cheeks bloomed pink, thinking of them on a candlelit dinner date. Hannibal would pull his chair out for him like the gentleman he was, maybe he'd cook his own food. "Do you cook?"

Smiling, Hannibal nodded. "Cooking is my passion. I would love to have the honors of cooking for you, Will."

Will.

He missed the way his name rolled off of Hannibal's tongue.

"I would be honored to have *the* Hannibal Lecter the Eighth to cook for me," Will declared proudly with a smirk making Hannibal chuckle, shaking his head.

The two locked eyes. Suddenly everything turned quiet, they could see no one but the other. They locked eyes for a good minute before Hannibal's face suddenly flushed with pink, looking down shyly with a small smile, breaking eye contact. Will gulped, clearing his throat and glancing at the pair of antlers on the wall. "So, who're the killers?"

Not liking eye contact be damned, Graham. You weren't even the one to initiate the breaking of eye contact. "Eyes are distracting" my fucking ass damnit.

Hannibal pursed his lips, his maroon eyes narrowed at Will. "You haven't answered my question first."

"Huh?"

"Why didn't you tell Jack Crawford that I was the one that told you that there were two killers?"

Caught in a dead end, Will stared at the 'Leda and the Swan' painting hanging on the wall. "What makes you think I didn't? He knows that there are two killers. I told him."

"But it is important for him to know that I was the source of information. For them to interrogate me, so tell me Will, why didn't you?"

Will glared at the floor before sighing, rubbing his face and looking at Hannibal dead in the eye. His voice was soft, it sounded like a whisper, "I didn't wanted to drag you into my world."

"Oh, dear Will. I was long dragged into it," Hannibal stepped closer, "But I do appreciate the company." Hannibal looked down at Will who was sitting on his bed, maroon meets blue and they smiled. They are in this dark, empty void with blood and corpses but they have each other. Hannibal then placed a hand on Will's shoulder, making Will jump, startled at the physical contact. Hurt, Hannibal frowned, removing his hand but Will suddenly pulled said hand back to him, practically making him stumble into his bed with Will.

They both sat on Hannibal's silky royal blue sheets, staring at each other with a smile dancing on their lips and pink flushed cheeks. Will was still holding Hannibal's hand. Their heartbeat was in sync, thumping loudly and fast.

"Who are the killers?" Will murmured, his eyes never leaving Hannibal's.

"I don't know." Hannibal's eyes wondered into Will's, practically sinking into the dark blue ocean of his eyes. He sounded breathless, as if he was gasping for air after drowning into his ocean eyes.

"You're lying."

"Apologies Will but they're family."

Smirking, Will asked, "Is it Mischa?"

As if a spell was broken, Hannibal scoffed, his eyes removed from Will's, glaring playfully at him, "We both know it isn't Mischa."

"Yeah," Will smiled, "Even if it's her, I'm afraid I don't think I can turn her in. She did the right thing anyways, they were assholes." Will took a glimpse of Hannibal's expression and he looked at Will like he was his God, with slightly widened eyes, mouth agape and dilated pupils. He looked astonished, he looked at Will as if Will was everything he wanted.

Hannibal shook his head like he was trying to snapped himself out of it. He chuckled, "Do you have a soft spot for her like you do with me?"

Raising a brow, Will teased, "Why are you so sure I have a soft spot for you, Hannibal?" Will leaned closer to Hannibal, his eyes glinting playfully.

The young Lecter simply stated proudly with his chest puffed out and his back straightened, "You wouldn't turn her in like how you didn't tell Agent Crawford about me."

Will sighed, defeatedly and nodded silently. He didn't need to look at Hannibal to know the younger man wanted to kiss him right then and there.

"I like you, Will."

Silence. But it wasn't awkward, it was a comfortable silence. Hannibal says it like he had said it multiple times to Will and in a way, he did. Every time he talked to him, even a 'Hello' is practically an 'I like you'.

Will laughed, he laughed like he had heard the funniest joke in the world, like he had just won a prize. He lied down on Hannibal's bed, chuckling breathlessly after laughing so hard. "God, this bed is comfy."

Smiling, Hannibal takes no offense by Will's response towards his confession. He lay down next to Will. "It is, isn't it? It could be yours. You could lie here anytime if you wish."

Will chuckled at Hannibal's attempt on flirting. "Why do you like an old man like me?"

"I hardly count a twenty-eight-year-old as old," Hannibal argued back.

Will glanced at Hannibal, "I'm not gonna ask how you know my age."

"Do you like Uncle Robertus?" Hannibal suddenly asked, pouting like a child. The way he asked is like a child asking, "We're not going to Disneyland, are we?" Dejected and pouty.

"I do have a little crush on him," Will snorted, "Maybe that's why Lady Murasaki despise me."

That made Hannibal laugh and if Hannibal laughing wasn't the best thing in the world, Will doesn't know what was. He decided that his top favorite things were: Hannibal laughing, Hannibal laughing and did he mention Hannibal laughing? Specifically, a Hannibal Lecter the Eighth from Lithuania.

The two locked eyes again and by now, it's a thing they're used to but the other's eyes still made them breathless, in awe as they looked into those beautiful eyes. They lie on their sides, so close that their chests could almost touch, that if Will just leaned a little closer, he could kiss Hannibal.

He reached out first to brush Hannibal's hair away from his face, then his hand trailed down to his cheekbone, his jaw, his neck and till his collarbone. He continued down his chest and stopped there. His palm lay flat against Hannibal's chest, he could feel Hannibal's heart beat and it was fast. Hannibal took a shaky breath.

"If we made love tonight, I would fall in love with you, dear Will." Hannibal said it so breathlessly, a murmur, a promise. So quietly, so vulnerable like a confession to a priest.

"I wouldn't mind if you fell for me." Will smiled because deep down, he knows. Hannibal has already fallen.

Hannibal's lower lip jutted out a bit as he narrowed his eyes, "That's unfair, Will. If I had fallen and you don't reciprocate. It is unfair to my heart and to me."

Sighing, exhausted and endeared by Hannibal's words, "When you finally fall…"

"You will catch me?"

"No. I will be falling with you."

Hannibal suddenly smiled so brightly that Will felt warm all over. This man, this angel, this devil, is right in front of him and he's touching him. He has him.

"We're bound to be doomed then with no one around to catch and save us from our fall."

"We have each other, what more do we need?"

Smiling at Will's words, Hannibal reached down to take Will's free hand that wasn't on his chest and kissed the palm of Will's hand, so softly and sweet. Hannibal's lips felt like clouds, so soft and pretty. So, so pretty.

Will released a sigh that sounded a little dreamily, a lazy smile plastered on his face.

"Stay with me."

Will quirked an eyebrow, his smile turned into a teasing smirk, "Where else would I go?"

For a second, Will was worried he had upset Hannibal as his eyes dropped, his smile turned sad. "Back home. To America."

They both fell silent as reality washed over them like waves crashing their dreams and wiping off their happiness away. Will wanted to clasped his hands on Hannibal's cheeks, telling him to go with him, to America and continue his study there, to live with him but that was selfish. They barely know each other and yet Will felt such a strong connection towards Hannibal that he never had with anyone else. Not to his father, to Alana, to the Science Trio.

Their relationship was intimate. They were conjoined in a way. Neither of them could survive separation, Will was sure of it because he was never wrong. Never.

The two simply lay there. There was nothing more to say, was there? The mood was over just like that. Somehow, Will drifted off to sleep. With Hannibal's safe and warm presence, the comfortable bed, Will slept safe and sound. The nightmares won't come for him here, with Hannibal in Hannibal's bed.

Will felt a blanket draped on him before he fell into a deep slumber. His dreams were of maroon eyes and the sea, they were on a cliff before falling together, grasping one another like the other would vanish in a blink of an eye. They drowned, a smile on their faces as they kissed under salt water.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, I really appreciate it!

Five

Chapter Summary

> “Hey, Hannibal.” Will gave him a small hesitant smile. Hannibal didn’t bother to look at him as he nodded in greeting. He saw the eyebags underneath Hannibal’s eyes and how those maroon eyes were filled with hurt.
>
> Will felt his heart break.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His perfect dream turned gory in a matter of seconds. *Truly*, what did he expect? To be given a dream so sweet just like that?

The man that was lying beside him turned dark with antlers placed on top of his head like a stag. A wendigo. The two locked eyes and the wendigo’s face turned into a smile. Will felt the bed grow wet, his eyes looked down to see blood flooding the bed but it wasn’t his. He somehow deep down *knew* it wasn’t his.

Will jolted up the bed, panting and sweating from the nightmare. He looked beside him to see Hannibal looking at him with worried and tired eyes. He had woken Hannibal up. “Are you all right, Will?”

“Oh, uh, yeah. Sorry for waking you up, I’m not the best bed partner.” Will gave an awkward smile.

“Says who?”

“Everyone I slept with.” Will shrugged.

Hannibal sniffed, not liking the idea of anyone else but him to have the honors in sleeping beside Will. “Then *they* were bad bed partners.” Will quirked a smile at Hannibal’s reply and rolled his eyes lightheartedly. When he felt his damp flannel clung onto his skin. He grimaced at the uncomfortable feeling before unbuttoning it and taking it off completely.

From the corner of his eye, he saw Hannibal’s maroon eyes widened, his cheeks going bright red. “Will… I did not realize you were so eager to bed me…”

Blinking, Will flushed, quickly explaining, “No, no- I was just uncomfortable because,” he gestured at his sweaty state and soaked clothes, “this.”

“Oh.” Hannibal looked down and didn’t bother masking his disappointment causing Will to let out a chuckle in disbelief at how bold the younger man is. He gave the young count a peck on his cheek, whispering in his ear softly, “Cheer up. I’ll bed you when the case is done.”

Hannibal continued sulking before the words finally registered into his head.

“You aren’t going to ask me again? Pry the information out of me?”

Smiling grimly, Will rolled his eyes, “Even if I were to pry you for information with my ‘Graham charm’, I don’t think I can.”

“You can. Just ask me again and I will.”

Will pursed his lips, tempting but no. “I don’t think I would like the answer,” Will admitted and it was as close as confessing that he suspected Hannibal, “and how would I know if you aren’t lying to me? What if you let Fernando take the blame?” Hannibal sniffed, “He had it coming for kissing you without your consent.”

Will laughed tiredly, his eyes looked like they were about to close as he petted Hannibal’s head. “Get some sleep, dear Will. I’ll wake you in the morning.”

“M’kay.”

Waking up at a room where he couldn’t recognize, somehow didn’t sent Will spiraling. Maybe it was because he wasn’t drunk this time and knew whose room was it even though he was unfamiliar with it, inside and out. Maybe it was also because the room is filled with just, Hannibal. Hannibal presence, his aesthetic, his aura overall and maybe that was why Will felt so at ease, so *comfortable*.

Too comfortable, Will couldn’t help but thought grimly. Did he overstay his welcome?

Shaking away those thoughts, Will saw a piece of paper that wasn’t originally on the bedside table last night. Curious, Will picked it up.

Dear Will,

If you are seeing this note, it must mean that you have awoken and bless us all with another day of Will Graham’s presence; the best gift that we mere mortals have been presented with.

I have prepared clothes for you on the chair. You may use my bathroom to cleanup yourself and meet me downstairs.

PS, the towel is in the bathroom along with the new toothbrush (the blue one is yours) and the underwear is new do not fret.

Yours forever and always,

Hannibal

Will grinned until his cheeks started to hurt. He still couldn't help but thought of how awfully domestic this is. Like they were some sort of married couple or a relationship of years with strong commitment.

He glanced at the chair and there the clothes were. Getting up, Will stretched and sighed before going to the chair to collect his clothes. Will should've listened to Jack's advice and brought a night bag. It kind of seem like Jack predicted this would happen. Was Jack a psychic? Oh well, whatever. He had a chance to wear Hannibal's clothes! Will felt way too giddy about that fact.

Hannibal had prepared him a white button down and black trousers. Even though Hannibal was younger than him, he was taller and way bigger than Will was. Will let his thoughts drifted and wondered where else is big- *Woah. Okay, stop it, Graham. Not the time.*

After getting ready, Will felt fresh. Hannibal's clothes were way bigger than Will have originally thought. The sleeves were practically covering up his whole hand, at least the pants fit. It was probably pants when he was a teen because it sure as hell can't fit Hannibal now. Not with that huge ass- *Stop. It.*

Will went downstairs and was immediately hit with the delicious aroma of food. His tummy growled in response to the smell. When he was finally down, Hannibal was there and they bumped into each other. Luckily, Hannibal had caught him before he fell to his doom.

"Oh? Falling for me already?" Hannibal cheekily flirted with a smile.

"You wish," Will said, rolling his eyes playfully.

"Oh, how you hurt me, dear Will."

Will would not admit how much his heart race each time Hannibal calls him that. *Dear Will.*

"Please, let me guide you to the kitchen. The food is ready. I was just about to call you up."

"You cooked?" Will asked, impressed. "I did promise to cook for you," Hannibal turned back to wink at Will, "Come. I'm excited to know how you think of my cooking."

"A little protein scramble to start the day."

When Will took a bite of the food, he immediately craved for more. "It's delicious. Thank you." Will offered a smile in which Hannibal returned with a goofy grin, looking like he just won a prize, his eyes look like there were little hearts in them.

“I’m glad to see you enjoy it, Will.”

“Where’re the others?” After the question escaped his lips, Will physically winced and cringed at how *familiar* he asked the question as if he had asked it a million times before. That sounded *way* too casual. They weren’t family. Family would mean they’re married and they aren’t even together. Hell, they hadn’t even kissed or even had sex-

Hesitantly, Will glanced at Hannibal through his lashes and saw Hannibal had thought the same but didn’t react to it negatively in any way. He simply smiled, warmly, liking the thought of them as *family*.

“I have forbidden them to be in the kitchen so Uncle Robertus took Aunt Murasaki, Mischa and Chiyoh to breakfast,” Hannibal took a bite of his own protein scramble, “As for Aunt Motina and Aunt Roze, they went out too. Aunt Jules is staying in her room. Fernando is probably in a hotel room somewhere,” Hannibal finished, taking a sip of his tea.

“You banned your own family from the kitchen to cook just for me? How romantic,” Will teased with a bright smile.

Hannibal grinned like a lovesick puppy in love. “Anything for you, dear Will.”

There again. Dear Will. *God, him saying that and my name with that hot deep voice and that foreign accent-*

“What are your plans for today?”

Snapping away from his thoughts that was going to dangerous territory, Will simply shrugged in response.

“This trip *was* supposed to be a holiday but then there was a murder,” Will gave Hannibal a pointed look as he took a bite of his food, “and then they thought, hey, the FBI is here and the famous Will Graham is also here, let’s have him solve it! And then dumped it on us.” Will took a harsh bite of his food. “And Jack, always the hero. I swear he has a hero complex or something, took over the case. Now, here we are,” Will said, gesturing ‘now’ with his fork.

“Terribly rude for them to have toss their responsibilities onto you all. Especially on Christmas.”

Will placed the cup of coffee down, swallowing it before replying as he nodded, “Extremely rude.”

“You know what they say, eat the rude,” Hannibal said, smiling like it was a joke shared between them as he took another bite of the food.

Will laughed, “Eat the rude, indeed.”

It was a joke but Will couldn’t help wonder what the meaning behind it as he took another bite.

“If you are amendable, we can take a trip to the art gallery today.”

“Sounds good,” Will agreed with a grin.

Will told Hannibal to get ready as he washed the dishes since Hannibal had already cooked for him. Halfway through the dishes, his thoughts trailed again. *This is all so domestic.*

Then he thought of the red sweater Hannibal had worn. He was so cute. Sighing dreamily, Will dried his hands and went up to the room again. He could hear the water running and it must be Hannibal in the showers. Maybe next time they could shower together.

Bored, Will decided to explore his room. His room was huge, probably bigger than Will’s house even. There were a few books but Will knew that those weren’t all of Hannibal’s books. Where were they?

Suddenly, as Will leaned on a wall, no, door, he opened it wide and saw what he was looking for.

A room in a room, Will mused.

There were bookshelves with a ton of books and a desk was in the middle. It looked like an office. Will stepped closer to the desk and saw a pile of papers with drawings on them. He picked them up and saw the first drawing, it was unfinished. It was of Hannibal and him. He had saw the original drawing before in college when he was in his Greek mythology phase, ‘Achilles Lamenting the Death of Patroclus’. Hannibal was in Achilles’ position as he was Patroclus.

Will was amused, should he be concerned that Hannibal had drew him as a corpse? Will continued flipping through the drawings and most of them was of Will. One had him naked even. Will would be lying if he wasn’t flattered, a big smile on his face as he flipped through the sketches.

His smile faltered when he saw the 8th drawing. His eyebrows knitted together to form a frown. It was of a man. *The Wound Man*, his mind unhelpfully supplied. Il Monstro, Lithuania’s most wanted serial killer of now; his first kill that was publicly displayed was of ‘The Wound Man’. With trembling hands, he continued seeing the drawings. Next was of a girl, *tourist*, the back of his mind told him. It was of a murder that happened a few days ago. Jack’s voice echoed in his mind

“I just wanted to tell you about a tourist from Baltimore. She was visiting Lithuania for Christmas and guess what? She was found in a field, pierced through a pair of antlers. Her lungs were taken. You know anything about it? We could try to help. Nojus and I were talking about-”

Everything about the drawing was so detailed. To the holes, the hand position, the antlers. It almost seemed like Hannibal had witnessed the scene firsthand but that was impossible, right? No one but the cops were allowed there. No pictures were shot or exposed.

The next drawing was of Matis. Stabbed in the gut, laying there on his bed with blood pooling under him, lifeless.

Will dropped the papers, his hands were shaking. He couldn't ignore it anymore. He couldn't ignore the signs. The fucking signs. He knew. He fucking knew but he didn't say anything. Oblivious to the real world in his little delusional bubble. He couldn't fucking ignore it now, could he? The signs were there in bright neon lights. He fucking called it, fucking knew and he didn't say a word and you know what's the worst part? He chose not to. Hannibal didn't threaten him. Will just didn't want to. Will Graham, FBI profiler and agent did not say a word of Hannibal fucking Lecter being a killer. Fucking Il Monstro.

Without even cleaning up the mess he made, Will left the mansion with his belongings and never looked back at the messy drawings discarded on the floor like evidence in a crime scene.

Hannibal would know and he would kill him, wouldn't he?

Five days since Will had contacted Hannibal and in return, Hannibal didn't as well, only a message he sent the day Will fled.

I'm sorry.

Sorry. The killer was fucking sorry. To him, not to the victims, the people he killed, to *him*. Will Graham. The fucking *cannibal* was sorry. Come on now, Will wasn't *dumb*. Far from it, really (some days he wished he was). The meat that Hannibal made for him wasn't pork, what Il Monstro was doing with Cassie Boyle's lungs were obvious. He *knew*. He knew the whole time and if any sane person knew, they would immediately call the cops and tell them but Will wasn't sane and he didn't tell Jack. Not even a word.

Those five days, he didn't tell anyone and *especially* not Jack. He couldn't. Why? He just couldn't. Five days of knowing. Five days of torture because he missed Hannibal. He hated to admit it but he missed that fucking cannibalistic serial killer.

It was also five days before Christmas.

Laying in his bed in misery, he whipped his head to the door when Beverly suddenly barged in with a huge grin on her face, Jimmy and Brian following behind.

"What the hell are you guys doing here in my room?" Will asked, sitting up on his bed.

"Well, my friend, we have just been invited to a Christmas Eve party by the Lecters!" Jimmy declared proudly and excitedly, giddy even.

"I can't believe we got invited by Lithuania's richest! How did their mansion look like, Will? You did explore their place, right? We've been there but we couldn't really admire their place with the whole murder thing going on." Brian shrugged while Jimmy and Beverly nodded.

"So, what did their place look like?" Jimmy asked, curious.

Before Will could reply (he wasn't going to), Beverly interrupted them. "I need to buy something to wear. I did not prepare for a party, guys," Beverly whined.

"We should go shopping. Remember the time Hannibal Lecter recommended a place? Ozas or something. Let's go there! You guys most likely need new suits too," Beverly said, side-eyeing them.

Jimmy narrowed his eyes at her before agreeing, couldn't containing his excitement at the mention of shopping. Brian only agreed because Jimmy was. Will reluctantly agreed because he really didn't want to go to a party and he didn't wanted to see Hannibal the fucking Cannibal. They should make a show with that plot. A guy whose named Hannibal and they're catching a serial killer who eats people and they totally don't suspect the guy with a name similar to cannibal. It was funny, really. How stupid can those people get?

This outing could also help him get rid of the thoughts about Hannibal so why the hell not?

He did not expect to be genuinely enjoying himself and having fun with the Science Trio in Ozas.

Beverly had bought a simple string strap long red dress with a slit that shows her right leg. She said she chose red to match her new lipstick and it was Christmas theme. It took her ages to explore before finally settling with that simple but beautiful dress.

They moved onto Jimmy, who surprisingly, took longer than Beverly. He changed suits like, fifty times before agreeing on a dark forest green suit. "Like the Christmas tree," he said.

Brian was easier than Will when it came for shopping suits. Maybe it was because he chose a matching suit with Jimmy but it was a burgundy red in color.

Will didn't like any of the ones the workers picked out until Beverly pointed out a dark navy blue suit.

When they had bought their own respective outfits, they decided to go get some ice-cream. Beverly and Will were behind Jimmy and Brian like two little kids, giggling and gossiping about the two men in front of them.

"I bet you that they'll start dating once this trip is over," Beverly pointed out with a smirk.

Will raised a brow, the corner of his lips quirked up, "I bet you they'll start dating after the end of the day."

Beverly let out a bizarre laugh, impressed at how bold Will was being and practically yelled, "Bet! I'm getting my ten dollars, baby!"

They were all collectively in awe at the pine needle ice cream and ordered four for each of them. It smelled like Christmas trees that Will's neighbor when he was ten would always take

back home on Christmas Eve. Jimmy described it as a, “Magical winter dessert.”

“When did you get this poetic?” Brian quirked an eyebrow at Jimmy’s direction, taking a bite from his spoon.

“What ever do you mean? I have always been this poetic,” Jimmy answered with an immensely posh voice. It reminds Will of how Hannibal talks- *No*.

“Really?”

“Really,” Jimmy said, a huge grin on his face as he used his spoon that was covered in ice cream and booped Brian’s nose making him let out a startled laugh. “Oh, you’re on!” He quickly took his own spoon and started booping Jimmy until they got into a food fight and fell into a fit of giggles like little children.

Beverly and Will shared a look before turning to them and yelling in sync, “Just kiss already!”

And that’s what they did.

They were all happy, Jimmy and Brian more and Beverly was a little grumpy before passing Will ten dollars which he smugly took.

“I can’t believe you two betted on us,” Brian said, shaking his head with a smile. “Reminds me when I was in high school. Honestly, for shame you two. Beverly, I understand but, Will? You too?” Brian tutted as Jimmy laughed.

“That’s what friends do,” Beverly teased back.

Will broke into a smile then, friends. Yeah, they were probably considered as friends by now.

He looked at them, the teasing smiles that Brian and Beverly had exchanged as Jimmy shook with laughter, a hand wrapping Brian’s waist. They were his friends. He wasn’t completely alone anymore and, in a way, it warms his heart.

The new couple then ditched Beverly and Will, going off to have their ‘first official date’.

“Oh please, bullshit, I say. You two are probably going to hookup. Horny bastards!”

“Fuck off!” Brian flipped her off while Jimmy shook his head with a disappointed look on his face. Hand in hand, they were off.

Will laughed saying, “They’re probably sexually repressed after years of pining and sexual tension.”

Beverly snorted, “You’re a hypocrite. At the party, we *need* to get laid with rich sugar daddies and mommies.”

She then went off to the bathroom saying that she drank too much water, making Will wait for her outside as he leaned on the wall.

As he was waiting, he saw a familiar face and squinted his eyes.

Oh fuck.

Will's eyes suddenly widened comically large. It was Mischa and Chiyoh. Just then, as if his luck could get any worse, clear blue eyes locked into his. Will quickly averted his gaze but alas, Mischa saw him and went up to him but it felt different from their previous encounters. Very, very, *very* different.

Mischa didn't flash her signature cheeky smile and that playful glint in her eyes was gone when she saw him. She didn't greet him with a cheerful, "Hi!", only a muttered, "Hey" and a hesitant smile.

"What's wrong?" Will blurted out and immediately wanted to choke back his question. It wasn't his business but it kind of was, right?

"What happened to you and Hannibal after that day?"

Will froze. Poor, poor Mischa. What would happen to her if she found out that her brother is a cannibalistic serial killer and that whenever he cooked meat for her it's probably human flesh and organs? Hannibal couldn't be caught. Will knew right in that moment that he would *never* tell Jack about Hannibal, that'll he'll protect Hannibal at all cost.

For Mischa. Totally.

Right?

Not for the cannibalistic serial killer who lied to him. But he didn't, did he? He didn't *ask* Hannibal if he was the killer. If he did, would Hannibal answer honestly?

"You can. Just ask me again and I will."

Will grimaced. Maybe he would have.

"Things… happened. I'm sorry, Mischa." Will sighed dejectedly, looking at her with desperate sorry eyes.

She simply nodded with an unreadable face and left with Chiyoh, who was beside her the whole time glaring at Will before departing with Mischa, a comforting hand wrapped around the other girl's shoulder.

Will flinched at the harsh glare from Chiyoh and sighed in relief when he spotted Beverly out of the bathroom. What if Hannibal was here? What if he *saw* Hannibal here?

"Will, I just saw the most jaw-dropping cutest and hottest girl in there and she gave me her number!"

When the day of the party finally came, the Science Trio were in awe outside the Lecter mansion.

Beverly was in awe of all the lights and decorations while Brian was amazed by the big Santa Claus animatronic, they have placed at their entrance that kept repeating, “Ho, ho, ho! Linksmų Kalėdų!” which was Merry Christmas according to Jimmy.

Jimmy managed to name all the flowers displayed in their backyard when they were exploring the outside. “*Peonies, white roses, Tsubaki which are Japanese camellias by the way, orchids, hibiscus…*”

The four, three excitedly went in, Will was reluctant. The urge to go back to the hotel and sleep was *extremely* strong. Jack had already gone inside, shaking his head at the Science Trio’s childish behavior with a smile.

Jimmy and Brian almost immediately went to the food section like how Will predicted. Beverly shook her head, muttering, “They’re like kids in grown men bodies.”

“Baby men,” Will supplied with a chuckle making Beverly laugh.

Will was, admittedly, eager and yet anxious and nervous to see Hannibal again after those long agonizing days. He confessed that he was a little excited to be going to the party, only to see Hannibal. He wondered how he was, if he’s all right, if he found someone to entertain with already. The thought of the last one made Will want to throw up.

He missed Hannibal but he was quite scared of how their encounter was going to go. Would Hannibal kill him? For some reason, the thought didn’t disturb Will like how it should have. But if he had wanted to, he would have done it by now. He *needed* to talk to Hannibal, but how?

As he was lost in thought, Beverly shook his shoulders snapping him from his thoughts and pointed aggressively at a beautiful young lady who was talking to Motina. “Who?”

“The girl at the mall! This must be fate!” Beverly excitedly exclaimed. “Sorry, Graham but I need to shoot my shot!” With that, Beverly went off to find the girl.

Shaking his head with a small smile, Will sighed and seek out for a place to hide. In the corner of the room maybe, he could pretend to text someone and play with his phone or something. Anything to get away from socializing with rich pretentious assholes, though he doesn’t mind socializing with *some*.

That was the plan until he was dragged into the dancefloor. It was Mischa! Thank God it wasn’t Fernando. That had Will a little worried there.

“Hey, Will!” Mischa grinned. He missed the cheerful Mischa that would happily greet him. Will let a genuine smile fall on his face as they swayed to the song. “Sorry but I’m not the best dancer.” Will gave her an apologetic smile.

Mischa giggled and quickly reassured him, “It’s fine! Did you know Hannibal and I took dance lessons before? I was five at the time.”

Will couldn’t stop the blush on his face as he pictured Hannibal dancing gracefully, twisting his marvelous body to a rhythm of a song.

Flashing a cheeky smirk, Mischa asked, “What got your cheeks so red?”

Deciding to give her a taste of her own medicine, Will teased back, “A beautiful young lady is dancing with me, what’s there not to be flustered about?”

Mischa laughed, “You flirt!”

That drew eyes to them. The host’s youngest niece and an older man, of course there’s going to be looks. Well, fuck them. Will continued dancing with Mischa, twirling her like he saw in those movies causing her to giggle.

When the song was over, someone went up to them and cleared their throat. “Hannibal!” Mischa cried out, happily.

Said man stood in front of them in a maroon-colored suit that brought out his eyes with a tie that’s decorated with snowflake patterns on them. Will thinks that Mischa had probably picked the tie out for Hannibal to wear.

“Hey, Hannibal.” Will gave him a small hesitant smile. Hannibal didn’t bother to look at him as he nodded in greeting. He saw the eyebags underneath Hannibal’s eyes and how those maroon eyes were filled with hurt.

Will felt his heart break.

“May I have this dance with my lovely sister?”

Will had been hoping Hannibal would ask him, masking his disappointment, Will nodded with a smile.

“Of course! I’ll dance with you later, Will!”

Will stood in the corner of the room, his arms crossed as he smiled with a sigh, his eyes glued to Hannibal and Mischa dancing happily and elegantly.

Mischa had always been a pretty little thing, Will admits. But Hannibal’s beauty was different. He has this sense of power, of confidence in a way. Once he walked into the room, heads would turn, eyes drawn towards him. At first glance, he wasn’t as handsome as he appeared to be but if you linger, you would see those high cheekbones, his beautiful jawline, those gorgeous maroon eyes that would look bloody red at a certain light. Those plump plushy soft lips that feels like clouds and when it curves up you feel your heart race. When he laughs, you feel like the whole world goes quiet. His sandy hair that you wish to run your fingers through.

The song was over in a second. Hannibal released Mischa and said something before departing to the stairs and walking up to his room most likely. When Mischa went to him, she saw where Will's eyes were.

"Go."

That's all Will needed to hear as he crossed the room to find Hannibal up his room.

Huffing out a determined breath, Will twisted the doorknob in his hands and went in. "Sorry if that was a little rude of me." Will gave a meek smile and a halfhearted apology for barging in.

Turning his head to Will, Hannibal smiled as he's seated on his bed. "I could never kill you, dear Will." It sounded like a confession, a sacred secret, a realization all at once.

Hannibal's smile fell immediately, "I could never kill you," he repeated. Tears gathered up in his maroon eyes, blurring his vision as he looked up at Will. "Is this where you betray me? With the FBI presented here I have no where to escape. You can check the mansion, my room, my office. I still have the drawings on my table." His voice cracked at the end which Will could hear his own heart cracking too.

Shaking his head, Will closed the door and walked towards Hannibal in which Hannibal lets him. He didn't do anything but stay at his spot. Will placed a hand on Hannibal's cheek. Hannibal leaned into his touch immediately like a starved man, nuzzling into his palm like a dog with their owner. One of his hands grasped Will's hand that was touching his cheek, as if scared that Will would remove it.

"How could I betray you when I have fallen with you?" With, not for. Will had fallen with Hannibal together. They had fallen into their dooms but they had each other and that was fine. Everything would be fine when they have each other.

Hannibal's eyes glowed with hope, with happiness, with *love*. His glossy eyes filled with tears that was starting to flow down onto Hannibal's cheeks like a waterfall as he stared up at Will with a genuine smile full of teeth. That's when all thoughts flew out the window as Will bent forward and leaned in to capture his lips.

The kiss was feverish and passionate and full of love. Reality was much better than either of them could dream of. They kissed like the other was air that they desperately crave for, that they *need*. They were drowning men that was gasping for air after falling into the deep sea. They kissed like they had in dreams that they dreamed of each night, wishing for it in upon a million stars and now it's finally happening.

Foreheads touched as they panted after the intense kiss. Hannibal was the one to break the silence. "Dear Will, if I were to die now, I would die happily and wonderfully to finally know how you taste like, to have your lips touch mine. Love chooses to knock on your door or he doesn't and I am glad he did on mine to have bring you here to me." Hannibal reached out to take both of Will's hands in his. "I love you, Will."

Overwhelmed with emotion, Will choked back a sob as he laughed with genuine happiness. “I love you too you big sap.”

Hannibal smiled like a kid on Christmas morning. Which reminds him… Will checked his watch and grinned. “Have you got what you wanted then?” Will asked, his arms wrapped around Hannibal’s neck as Hannibal’s arms were holding onto Will’s waist. “Hm?” Hannibal nuzzled onto Will’s chest. “For Christmas.” Hannibal glanced at the grandfather clock that was hanging on his wall and, if it was possible, smiled even wider. “Very much so, yes.”

Hannibal pulled Will in for another kiss, tears still flowing on his cheeks as Will wiped them away. “I love you so much.”

“Will.”

“Hm?”

“I did not kill Filip.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you all enjoyed it!!

Six

Chapter Summary

It was hot, Will's mind provided unhelpfully. *Really not the time, Graham.*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will blinked at Hannibal's admission and stayed silent because what was he supposed to say?

"I did not kill Filip but I did kill Matis."

"Why?" he asked, furrowing his brows in confusion. Was it for Jules?

"I wanted to see you again."

Will let out an incredulous laugh, "You're serious?"

"Very serious, Will." The look on Hannibal's face made him sigh, Hannibal *would* do that wouldn't he?

"How is killing Matis a way to see me again?"

"Well," Hannibal gazed down to their joined hands, "we met at Filip's funeral and I was immediately captivated by you. Enchanted, some would say. I thought, to see you again sooner, I could kill Matis so we would meet in his funeral," Hannibal looked up at Will and continued, "and I had wanted to kill him for a long time for Jules. I killed two birds in one stone."

"You're a smart boy, aren't you?" Will cooed, gently running his fingers through sandy locks making Hannibal release a shaky sigh of pleasure. "I like it when you praise me," Hannibal admitted making him laugh. "Praise kink, huh?" He shrugged at Will's words, leaning more into Will's touch. He was so touch-deprived. He had been craving and wanting Will for so long before he had even met him and now, he's here with his fingers through his hair so why can't he shamelessly indulge in it?

"What about Filip? Who killed him?" Will suddenly asked, curious.

"Aunt Motina was the one to kill Filip."

"God, I should've known. She looked so scared of me." Will shook his head as he recalled the memory.

“Aunt Roze was going to Filip’s room to give him his tea but was stopped by Aunt Motina.”

“Oh?” Will raised a brow.

“Roze!”

“Tina? What are you doing here? I need to give Filip his tea, God knows what he’ll say if I am late.”

“Put this in. It helps with stress.”

“Are you sure…?”

“Yes. Don’t you trust me, gražuolė?”

“You’re never this nice to your brother, Tina.”

“Trust me.”

“When have I not?”

Hannibal could still remember the conversation that he had heard. He was in the library, accidentally falling asleep and was about to walk to his room when he heard their exchange outside the door. The walls really weren’t as thick as everyone thought.

“And the suppose, ‘stress reliever’,” Will made air quotes, “was poison?” Hannibal nodded.

“Christ, y’all are a bunch of murderers,” Will said, running a hand through his fingers and suddenly frowned, “This is crucial information. Roze should have said something. Why didn’t she?”

“If I was Aunt Motina, would you have said something?”

Frowning, confused, Will was about to question Hannibal before realization dawned upon him. “You’re saying that they’re-”

“Romantically involved? Yes.”

Will’s jaw fell. He did not see that plot twist coming. It seemed like his expression was comedic as Hannibal giggled. *Giggled*. Hannibal the Cannibal was *giggling* and *Will* was the one to make it happen and Will was weirdly proud of that. Fuck the spelling bee award he had won when he was eight, this prize is worth so much more.

“You’re adorable, you know that?” The words stumbled out his mouth without a thought and Will didn’t feel like taking it back, nor did he feel any shame or embarrassment. Hannibal deserves to hear such praises from him after the shit he put him through.

Hannibal smiled fondly at Will as he gazed up at him from where he's seated on his bed with soft eyes burning through Will's skull.

The moment was immediately ruined when someone, *Mischa*, barged in the room yelling, "AUNT MOTINA IS A LESBIAN?"

The two men jumped, startled at the young girl's unexpecting presence.

"Mischa…" Hannibal glared at her warningly while Will's eyes widened comically large. "How much have you heard?" Will inquired, suddenly tense.

"Everything."

"So, you know that… y'know?" Will gestured to Hannibal and then him and then picking Hannibal's arm to bite it to initiate the cannibalism part.

"Yeah. I have always known." Mischa shrugged.

"I was right," Will muttered under his breath, looking a little dazed as he plopped down the bed next to Hannibal, "The Lecters are all crazy."

Hannibal slapped his arm playfully beside him, "Now, Will. This is not the right way to speak of your future family."

When the words finally registered in Will's head, he blushed brightly at the hinted meaning behind the young count's words. Scoffing, Will rolled his eyes lightheartedly, "Fuck off."

As Hannibal was about to reply with a witty comeback of his own, they heard muffled shouting.

The three of them looked at one another and agreed a mutual decision.

Being the nosy kids they were, they went out of Hannibal's door and straight down to the hall that was four doors away, where the shouting was coming from. Robertus' office.

Their ears were placed on the door. Hannibal was above Will while Mischa was below him. Will felt like a little rebellious kid again, listening in on what the adults are talking about like the time he eavesdropped on his father and his friends' conversation. They were talking about women and sex. Will was five.

"You can't possibly be cutting me off? What the fuck, Robertus!"

Fernando, Will noted with distaste.

"I'm afraid I can." Robertus' voice was polite yet cold. It sent chills down Will's spine to hear such a side of Robertus after all the little glimpses. "This is helping you, Fernando. It's time for you to find a proper job, to settle down with a wife and kids. I can't keep providing you money for all your unnecessary expenses on women, alcohol and cigarettes."

“Why, I never!” Fernando cried out, offended. “I’m your *brother*, Robertus. Flesh and bones. I was in the same womb as you for Heaven’s sake!”

Robertus stayed silent.

“Both of our brothers are *dead*. We only have each other. Do you wish to push me away, now? *Another* brother *dead*?”

Will could hear Hannibal scoffed softly at Fernando’s poor attempt of manipulation.

“I am sorry, Fernando.”

“Why you little-!”

Things happened so fast that Will didn’t even realized Hannibal had twisted the doorknob and opened the door wide open causing both Will and Mischa to stumble before they regained their balance. Hannibal had punched Fernando straight in the face. Will could hear a crack from Fernando’s nose and winced. Blood started to come out of his nose.

Everyone is the room had their eyes widened, they couldn’t believe that the calm and poise Hannibal Lecter had just punched his uncle.

“What the fuck are you doing, boy?!”

Hannibal only glared coldly at him. “You have touched *my* Will in ways that he was uncomfortable with and now you dare threaten my uncle? Do you have no shame, *uncle*?” Hannibal practically spat venom when he called Fernando ‘uncle’ like it was something disgusting.

It was hot, Will’s mind provided unhelpfully. *Really not the time, Graham.*

But those bloody knuckles and that feral look on Hannibal’s face and disheveled hair. *God*.

Fernando was about to attack Hannibal and something in Will snapped. He was fully aware that Fernando was incapable of causing Hannibal any harm and that Hannibal can twist him like a pretzel but he wanted to defend his love, to prove his love for Hannibal.

He used his skills he had learned back in New Orleans when he was in the police force, he twisted Fernando’s arms and placed both his hands behind him causing him to lean on Robertus’ now messy desk. Papers and stationaries were scattered everywhere.

“What are you planning, Hannibal?” Will raised a brow. Amused and curious.

Hannibal smiled, “I have planted poison, the same poison that was used on Filip inside his drawer and a piece of Matis’ hair on his wardrobe.”

Everything seemed to clicked as Will sighed in frustration. “You were going to let Fernando take the blame if I had ratted you out tonight or the previous days.”

“Clever boy,” Hannibal said, smiling proudly with both his hands at the back of him.

Will scowled at Hannibal, really not in the mood for all his games but he should have known anyways. He *was* Hannibal after all.

“What the fuck?!” Fernando cried out, squirming under Will’s tight grip. He sounded scared and panicked now, unlike how confident he was just minutes ago.

“I shall say I killed him in self-defense.” Hannibal stepped forward to finish the job but Will was faster and quicker.

He took a pair of scissors that was on Robertus’ desk with his other stationaries that was messily scattered on his desk and swiftly stabbed it hard in Fernando’s neck, his blood splattered on Will’s face but he was not fazed. His grip on the scissors was steady, firm and sure. His blue eyes were as cold as ice as he twisted the scissors harder into Fernando’s neck.

Fernando made a choking gurgling sound but was covered by Will’s free hand, muffling his screams. Will shushed him, making shushing noises beside Fernando’s ear, “Shh now, that’s right.” His grip loosened when Fernando went limp in his arms.

Will was covered in Fernando’s blood. Beautiful in red. He looked like a God of death as he plucked out the scissors from Fernando’s neck and wiped it clean on his suit, wiping his bloodstained cheek with his sleeve. He wasn’t trembling nor shaking as one would have after killing someone. No. Will was self-assured and confident.

Hannibal had never been this turned on in his life.

It took everything in his mind, body and soul to not drop to his knees for Will and worshipped him like the God he was. Hannibal would gladly kiss his shoes and looked up at him with adoration in his eyes as he professed his undying love and never-ending loyalty to Will. His God, his religion, his lover, his husband, his everything. Hannibal felt his knees going weak when Will’s cold, deadly and beautiful blue eyes locked with his.

Everyone in the room was strangely calm. Mischa and Robertus were in quite a shock but neither seemed *too* deterred. Hannibal and Mischa exchanged a look before he nodded at her.

And then, Mischa screamed. Screamed from the top of her lungs as she rushed out to find the FBI but didn’t need to when Jack quickly rushed in and his eyes widened at the scene.

“What the fuck is going on in here?”

Hannibal faked trembled, though it wasn’t really fake; he was trembling because of how gorgeous and magnificent Will was but Jack needed to know he was trembling because he was afraid.

“U-Uncle Fernando was about to kill Uncle Robertus,” Hannibal shakily said, “a-and so I came in and pushed him away from Uncle Robertus then-then-” he pretended to choke back a sob, his knees finally giving in as he knelt to the ground. He couldn’t help it; it wasn’t part of the act. He didn’t want to kneel and looked so pathetic in front of Jack Crawford but he couldn’t control it when he saw Will looking at him so intensely.

“He then proceeded to attack me with the scissors, that’s when Agent Graham came in. Luckily, he was there and killed Fernando in defense with those scissors,” Hannibal explained, pointing at the black scissors on the desk. There was still a bit of blood on them as Will didn’t wipe them thoroughly. “And that’s when Mischa came in and shouted for help.”

“Why would Fernando kill Mr. Lecter?” Jack frowned.

“It was him, Jack,” Will chimed in and all eyes were on him as his was on the ground, “The youngest with no job. Using the family’s money but money isn’t infinite. Pathetic, really,” Will sneered.

“Will,” Jack warned but he looked more tired than intimidating.

Will continued, “He knew that the brothers were going to go against him, seeing it unfair to have use the family’s money and not working and was scared that the money would be taken away from him. He then poisoned Filip and killed Matis.”

Jack’s frown deepened, “But you said there were two killers- That the jump between child’s play and a full-on bloody murder was too big.”

“I know what I said! I made a mistake, Jack.” Will’s voice cracked in the end, his shoulders hunched down, looking dejected. His eyes locked to the ground as if he was disappointed and ashamed at himself. An act of submissiveness.

Jack’s eyes soften at the submissive display. “It’s alright now. But, are there evidence?”

“You may do a search in his room,” Robertus said, his voice was void of emotion as his eyes were stone cold.

Jack nodded at him, “Thank you, Mr. Lecter.” Jack’s eyes then went to Will, “Call the others up here, tell them they got a hell of a Christmas gift waiting for them to unwrap.”

Will couldn’t help but the upturn quirk of his lips as he replied, “Right on it, Jack.”

Fernando Lecter was charged as the killer after retrieving the evidence they needed. The Lithuanian cops couldn’t thank them enough and had even taken them out for dinner and paid for them. Jimmy and Brian were soaking up on the praises and even tried talking in Lithuanian while Beverly and Will snickered at them at the sidelines.

That Christmas night after the murder and after taking a bath, changing into new pair of clothes, Will and Hannibal were on Hannibal’s comfortable bed, the younger man in his arms. “In all my twenty-two years of life,” Hannibal turned to look up at Will, “You are the best Christmas present I have gotten.”

Will chuckled, pecking his lips, “You sap,” Will murmured against Hannibal’s lips.

“I love you, Will.”

“I love you too.”

“Which is why I have chosen to continue my studies in America.”

Will’s eyes grew wide, “You’re not serious.”

“I’m afraid I am being very serious, my love.”

Smiling, Will shook his head in disbelief, everything felt fake. It was all too good to be true, like a dream. He held Hannibal tighter, scared that this would all go away. “You really wanna ditch beautiful France for lame old America?”

“Nonsense, dear Will. How is America any less beautiful with you in it? Nothing is more beautiful than waking up each day with you and spending eternity with you by my side.”

That was it. Will was in love. He had fallen hard.

Will leaned in to take Hannibal’s lips with his own. The kiss was gentler than the first, soft and patient. They weren’t worried that the moment would go away or that they would wake up and found out that it was all a dream. This was real. *They* were real.

“Marry me.”

“Oh, *mylimasis*, I thought you’d never ask.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! We're near to the end of our journey. I always get a little emotional after completing a story LMAO

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

"WILL IS GOING TO PROPOSE?" Mischa came out of nowhere and yelled.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Feeling nervous wasn't new to Will. He was always nervous. Like how he was nervous now. Hannibal and him were going back to Lithuania for Christmas. Now, this was nothing new for Will. The first time he wasn't even this nervous, no. The reason for his nervousness is due to the fact that he has a small velvet box in his pocket with a ring in it and he was going to ask for the Lecter family's approval. Specifically, Robertus.

Normally, he wouldn't bother doing something as old-fashioned as to asked the other's family if he has their approval because he wouldn't care. Hell, he never bothered with marriage before and yet here he is now, with a ring and going to Lithuania to seek out approval from Hannibal's family because he knew how much they meant to him.

Of course, Hannibal picked up his nervousness as he had fidgeted in the taxi when they were riding to the Lecter mansion. Placing a comforting hand on Will's, Hannibal reassured him everything will be fine.

"This isn't your first time, Will. Is everything all right?"

Will smiled wearily, "Yeah… Yeah, of course."

Finally reaching the Lecter mansion, Will's heart beat thumped against his ribcage that Will was scared he was going to get a heart attack right then and there. He felt like throwing up, his stomach felt like they're doing summersaults inside.

The mansion now only consists of Robertus, Murasaki, Chiyoh, Achilles and Patroclus, a stray Will had picked up on their second visit on Christmas. They seem to have a lot of Christmas miracles. Mischa had said that they must be on Santa's nice list though Will doubted it. Murderers in Santa's nice list? You wish.

Robertus and Murasaki agreed to keep Patroclus seeing how much Achilles adored him, that was how he got named anyways. Achilles and Patroclus. A good pair, aren't they? It reminded them of another certain pair.

Motina and Roze had moved away two years ago. Though they do occasionally come back, they mostly stayed in Italy. Mischa has been travelling the world but would often go back home. She had opened a café in Lithuania of her own which they would constantly visit.

When Hannibal was taking his sweet time cooking, Will swiftly slipped away to Robertus' office.

Will hesitantly knocked the door, tense as he prepared for Robertus' answer.

"Come in!"

"Hi." Will gave an awkward smile, waving. Why did he wave? He never waved.

"I wish for your nephew hand in marriage." The words suddenly came out of him like vomit that Will wished he could swallow back in.

"You… wish to propose to my nephew?"

Suddenly, Murasaki's head popped up from the door of the office making Will jumped. "Who's going to propose to my nephew?"

"I believe Will is going to propose to your nephew, my lady," Chiyoh, who was beside Murasaki, chimed in.

"WILL IS GOING TO PROPOSE?" Mischa came out of nowhere and yelled. Will quickly shushed her with flushed cheeks making Mischa giggled in delight.

"Of course, Will." Robertus grinned and it was the biggest smile Will had ever seen on Robertus' face. Mischa nodded excitedly and vigorously that Will was surprised her head didn't fall down. She was beaming like a little girl in a candy shop getting a sugar rush.

Will looked at Murasaki and Chiyoh cautiously. They were always a little cold towards him. Indifferent was the word. They only tolerated him for Hannibal.

And then Will saw the most shocking thing that ever happened. Murasaki smiled. A genuine warm smile to *him*. "Of course." Chiyoh smiled as well, an attempt to but that was better than nothing in Will's books.

"Is it safe to assume that you won't be stealing Robertus away from me anytime soon? Hannibal had told me about your little crush," Murasaki teased, a smirk dancing on her lips, her eyes glinted playfully while Will blushed in embarrassment.

"If you break his heart, I will shoot you," Chiyoh warned though it sounded more like a playful jab now. She had warned him before, three years ago when they were moving to America. Now, her tone was different when she had threatened him, she was more lighthearted and with a friendly smile. Like she finally accepted that he's family.

After dinner, Will took Hannibal by the hand and led him to the backyard.

The flowers were just like the ones Jimmy had pointed out, Will chanted the flowers in his mind as he touched them. *Peonies, white roses, Tsubaki, orchids, hibiscus…*

The sun was about to set when they stepped into the backyard. Will looked beautiful in the light as it shines on him, Hannibal thought with a fond look on his face as he saw Will's hair looking golden at the light and those lovely blues that Hannibal wished to drown in them forever. His fair skin looked like they were glowing. Will Graham was perfect.

Will frowned, his eyes squinting as he muttered about something like "Stupid sun…"

"I love him," Hannibal thought. Will suddenly smiled, looking into Hannibal's eyes, "I love you too, darlin'."

He smiled, a pretty pink blush spreading on his cheeks. After three years, Hannibal still melts and feels all giddy with a school girl crush around Will. Whenever he calls him, 'darlin'' with that Southern drawl, Hannibal would be on his knees. And when Will says he *loves* him. It never gets old, if anything, it makes Hannibal fall harder and deeper.

The sun finally set as they looked at the dark sky together, hand in hand in comfortable silence. It was nice. When the two didn't felt like talking, they would fall into a comfortable silence like they knew what the other was thinking, like they were in sync in a way. The silence was never awkward, it was welcoming and they both loved it, being around each other peacefully and quietly.

The silence was interrupted when they heard barking.

Achilles and Patroclus immediately ran to Will, wagging their tails and licking Will's hands as he knelt down to properly pet them, laughing with joy. Hannibal had a smile on his face at the adorable display. Achilles and Patroclus adored Will than any of the others.

Both Mischa and Hannibal sulked, moping around in misery and screaming betrayal at Achilles when Achilles had immediately run to Will and refused to budged when Mischa and Hannibal had called him. Patroclus was understandable; Will rescued the German Shepherd from an animal abuser. He tasted quite bitter but it was still pleasant. Hannibal had always loved it when Will was the one preparing the meat.

Will went to play with the dogs after a month of not having seen them, he missed them a lot and thought of bringing them to see his pack back in his house. Hannibal sat at the gazebo, sketching Will and the dogs but mostly Will. Drawing his beloved was his favorite pastime even before they had got together. Will was his muse, his love.

When it was late, Chiyoh came out to take the dogs back in, they didn't put up much of a struggle since they were both worn out after playing with Will and complied. Chiyoh and Will exchanged a suspicious glance at each other. You might think they were having a secret affair at how Chiyoh almost smirked while Will gulped, looking nervous.

After Chiyoh and the dogs went in and closed the doors, Will guided Hannibal by his waist to the fountain in the middle of the garden and they sat at the edge of it, fingers interlocked.

The young count looked at Will with adoration in his eyes and a warm smile on his face as he said, “I would have never thought that I would be so happy with another person outside of my family. Love doesn’t come easy for me nor for you but somehow the universe had led us to each other. But it has its reasons and should we not indulge in it? I would walk in these grounds with you for eternity and would never get bored. I love you, Will.”

Chuckling softly, Will stood up and quickly gestured Hannibal to sit down when he was about to get up with him. The young Lecter looked up at him, tilting his head to the side in confusion and curiosity. Always a curious little thing.

Looking down at him with loving eyes, Will caressed Hannibal’s cheek while he nuzzled into his touch, closing his eyes in content and absolute bliss.

“Marry me?” Will pulled back, kneeling on one leg, a ring in hand. Hannibal’s maroon eyes flew open. He stared down at Will, blinking and blanking out for a second and Will wished he had recorded the look on his face.

And then, the tears came in and he broke into a Duchenne smile, “Yes. Yes, of course, Will!” Hannibal pulled him in for a kiss, bending down to attach their lips together into a passionate and loving kiss.

Fireworks started exploding in the sky and Will instantly knew it was Mischa’s doing. She has a habit of eavesdropping after all. Will checked his watch and grinned, “It’s midnight.”

“Merry Christmas, *mylimasis*. I do love my gift immensely.”

“Better than our first Christmas together?” Will asked with a smirk. Hannibal shook his head with a smile, “Nothing can ever compare to our first but this is a close second.” Hannibal interlocked their fingers together, “Because marriage or not, you have always been mine after that first Christmas.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for joining me to the end of this ride! I enjoyed writing this fic and I hope you all enjoyed reading it as well!! I'll be sure to continue improving my writing/grammar in the future and would probably edit it when I have time. Thanks again!

End Notes

I hope y'all enjoyed it!! It's my first attempt of a Hannibal fic but I hope it's at least decent! I would be correcting my mistakes if I ever reread them so expect some edits here and there on previous chapters.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!